

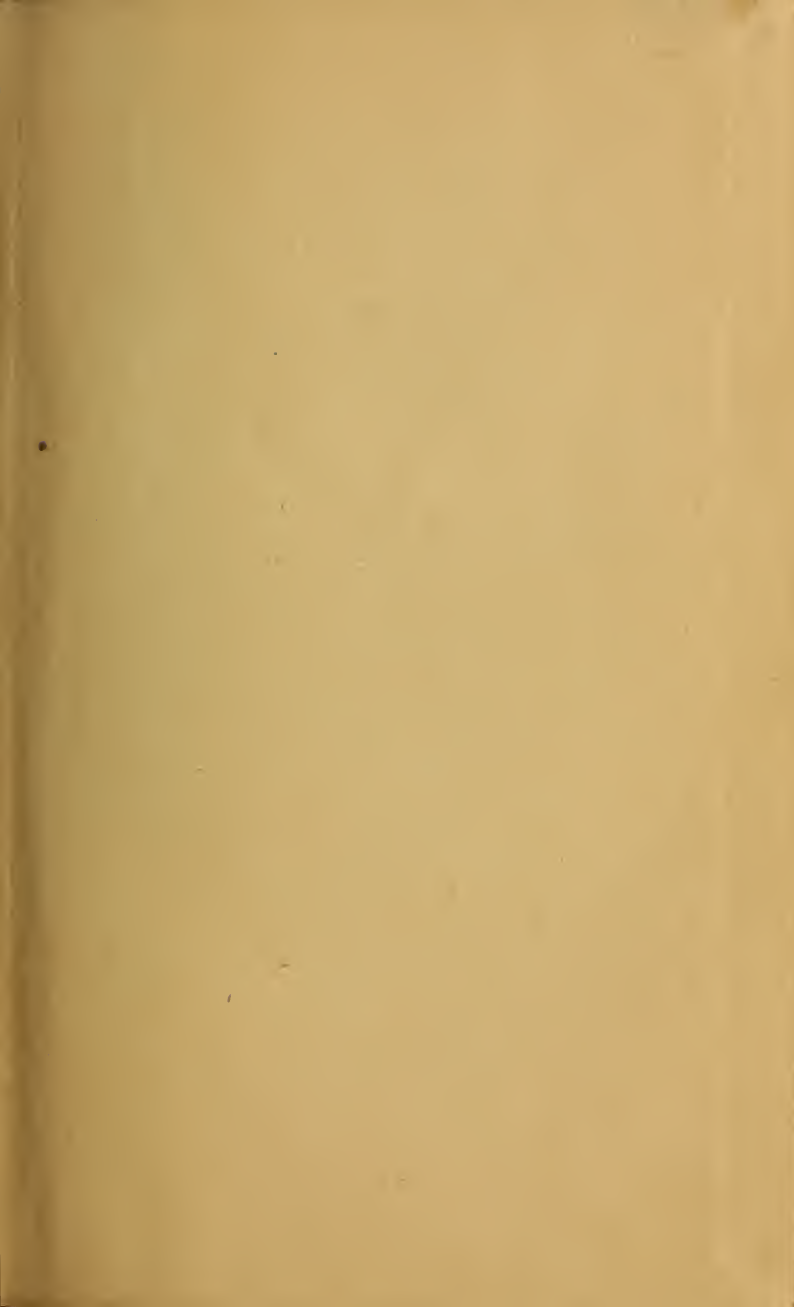




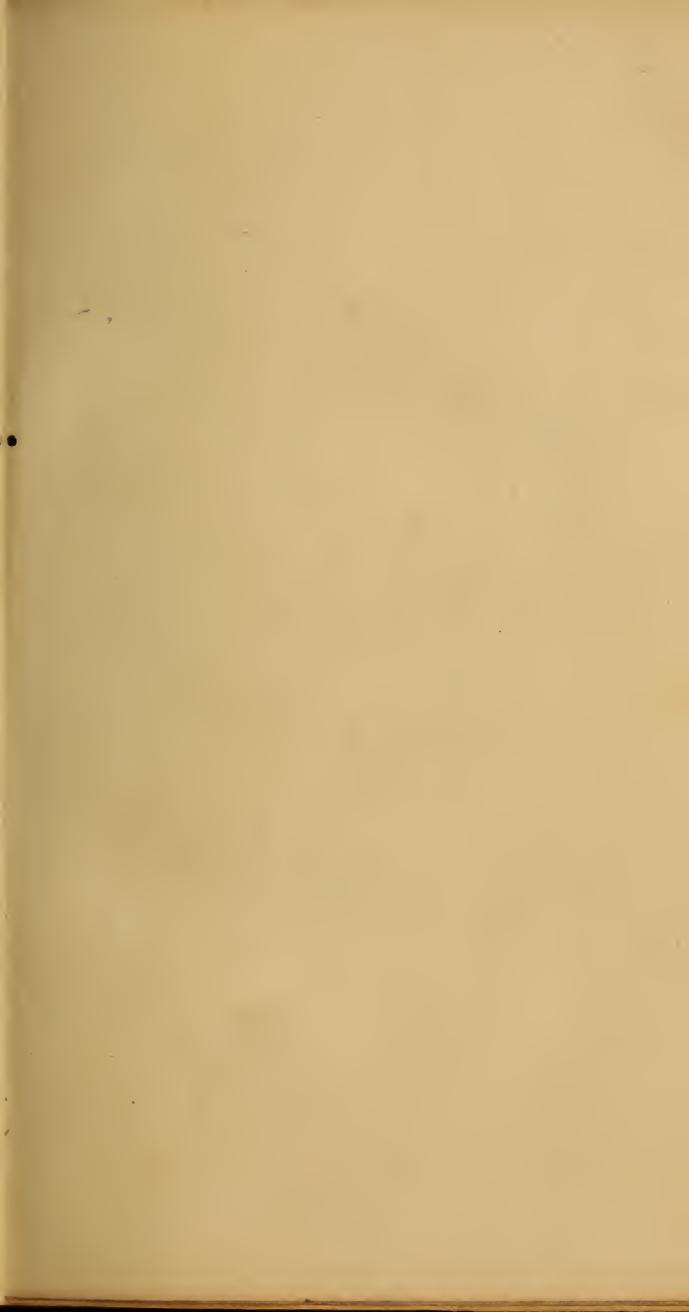
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1859









Front.

P 6.

JOHN BROWN

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THE
COLLECTED SONGS

OF

CHARLES MACKAY.

With Illustrations by John Gilbert.



LONDON:
G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET;
NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN STREET.
1859.

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TO THE

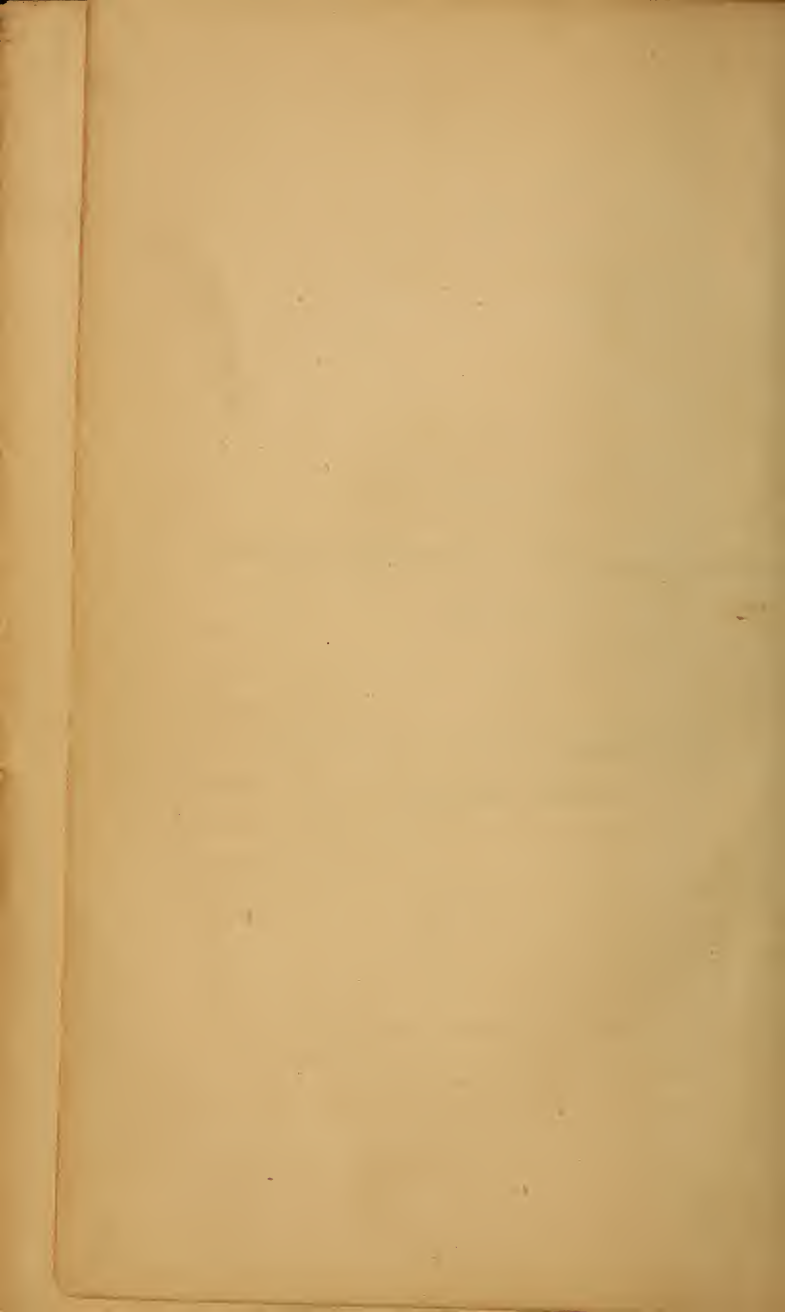
RIGHT HON. SIR E. L. BULWER LYTTON,

BART. M.P.

WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF PERSONAL REGARD AND

LITERARY ADMIRATION.



PREFACE.



THE first eighty-three songs in this collection—extending to 116 pages—were published in a shilling volume early in 1855, and ran through two editions. The remaining portion of the volume includes upwards of one hundred songs, now for the first time published, partly written for the national melodies of England, and partly without reference to any existing tunes; and all the songs of the author not previously collected, and that have been scattered through newspapers and other periodical publications, or that have been issued with music during the last twelve or fifteen years by composers, who have done him the honour to unite their art with his. It also includes a few songs published among the miscellaneous poems of the author's most recent works,—“Egeria,” “The Lump of Gold,” and “Under Green Leaves.” The whole forms a complete collection of his contributions to this department of literature; with some omissions

of juvenile songs—popular in their day—which his maturer judgment has led him to reject. Whatever the demerits of his collection may be, he has the consolation in publishing, as he had in writing the songs, that he has appealed in them to no base or degraded feeling; that he has inculcated no vice or immorality, however popular or fashionable it might be; but that, on the contrary, he has endeavoured to make song the vehicle for the inculcation of virtue, of self-reliance, of patriotism—of manly and womanly tenderness—of true love,—and of all the charities, courtesies, and amenities of life. He has also endeavoured to make his songs simple and intelligible—or as Milton recommends, “simple, sensuous, and passionate;” and has preferred that critics should find fault with them for not being profound, rather than that the people—in the widest and best sense of the word—should find in them the still more serious fault of being difficult of comprehension, either by the head or the heart.

London, November, 1858.

Songs for Music.



HAPPY LOVE.

I.

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine.
The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue ;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved, I was a child,
And sported on the sands ;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

II.

The circles of my sympathy
Extend from earth to Heaven :
I strove to pierce a mystery,
And lo ! the clue is given.

The woods, with all their boughs and leaves,
 Are preachers of delight,
 And wandering clouds in summer eves
 Are Edens to my sight.
 My confidants and comforters
 Are river, hill, and grove,
 And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deep,
 And all that live and move.

III.

O friendly hills! O garrulous woods!
 O sympathizing air!
 O many-voicéd solitudes!
 I know my love is fair.
 I know that she is fair and true,
 And that from her you've caught
 The changeful glories ever new,
 That robe you in my thought.
 Grief, from the armour of my heart,
 Rolls off like rustling rain:
 'Tis life to love; but double life
 To be beloved again.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE TREES.

I.

I HEARD the language of the trees,
 In the noons of the early summer,
 As the leaves were moved like rippling seas
 By the wind—a constant comer.

It came and it went at its wanton will,
And evermore loved to dally
With branch and flower, from the cope of the hill
To the warm depths of the valley.
The sunlight glow'd ; the waters flow'd ;
The birds their music chanted,
And the words of the trees on my senses fell,
By a Spirit of Beauty haunted :—
Said each to each, in mystic speech,
“ The skies our branches nourish ;
“ The world is good,—the world is fair,—
“ Let us enjoy and flourish ! ”

II.

Again I heard the steadfast trees ;
The wintry winds were blowing ;
There seem'd a roar as of stormy seas,
And of ships to the depths down-going.
And ever a moan through the woods was blown,
As the branches snapp'd asunder,
And the long boughs swung like the frantic arms
Of a crowd in affright and wonder.
Heavily rattled the driving hail ;
And storm and flood combining,
Laid bare the roots of mighty oaks
Under the shingle twining.
Said tree to tree, “ These tempests free
“ Our sap and strength shall nourish ;
“ Though the world be hard, though the world be cold,
“ We can endure and flourish.”

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

I.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
Strew'd acorns on the lea ;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

II.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

III.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great :
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

IV.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,—
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

I'VE a guinea I can spend,
 I've a wife, and I've a friend,
 And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown ;
 I've a cottage of my own
 With the ivy overgrown,
 And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown ;
 I can sit at my door
 By my shady sycamore,
 Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown ;
 So come and drain a glass
 In my arbour as you pass,
 And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John
 Brown.

II.

I love the song of birds,
 And the children's early words,
 And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown ;
 And I hate a false pretence,
 And the want of common sense,
 And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown ;
 I love the meadow flowers,
 And the brier in the bowers,
 And I love an open face without guile, John Brown ;
 And I hate a selfish knave,
 And a proud, contented slave,
 And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John
 Brown.

III.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints,
John Brown ;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown :
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John
Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John
Brown.

IV.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown ;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John
Brown ;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown ;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

THE ASTRONOMER.

I.

UPON thy lofty tower,
O lonely Sage,
Reading at midnight hour
Heaven's awful page !
Thine art can poise the sun
In balance true,
And countless worlds that run
Beyond our view.
Thou scannest with clear eyes
The azure cope ;
To thee the galaxies
Their secrets ope ;
Thou know'st the track sublime
Of every star ;
Space infinite, and Time,
Thy problems are.
O Sage ! whose mental span
Thus grasps the sky,
How great the soul of man
That soars so high !

II.

But yet thou canst not guess,
With all thy skill,
What seas of happiness
My bosom fill.

Thou canst not track the woe,
The hope, the faith,
That prompt the ebb and flow
Of my poor breath.
Outspeeding with thy thought
The solar ray,
Thou canst not, knowledge-fraught,
Discern my way.
My love—its depth and height,—
Thou canst not sound ;
Nor of my guilt's dark night
Pierce the profound.
O student of the sky,
My pride departs ;
Worlds undiscover'd lie
In both our hearts !



THE ROSE'S ERRAND.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

I SENT a message by the Rose
That words could not convey ;
Sweet vows I never dared to breathe,
And wishes pure as they ;
A mute but tell-tale messenger,
It could not do me wrong ;
But told the passion I conceal'd,
And hopes I cherish'd long.

II.

My Love received it with a smile,—
 She read its thought and sigh'd,
 Then placed it on her happy breast,
 And wore it till it died.
 Immortal Rose ! it could not die :
 The spirit which it bore
 Lives in her heart, as first in mine,
 A joy for evermore.



THE WHITE DOVE.

I.

THE White Dove dwelt in woodland bower,
 A happy bird each live-long hour ;
 No care she felt, no grief had she,
 Deep hidden in her wild-wood tree.
 The castle tower stood fair and high,
 Its banner flaunted to the sky :
 " 'Tis bright," quo' she, " this morn of May,"
 Then spread her wings and flew away.
 Oh foolish thing ! Oh luckless day !
 She spread her wings and flew away.

II.

She sat upon the castle gate
 And saw the Earl in all his state—
 With helm and plume, and jewels rare,
 And his youngest son with golden hair.

"A dove!" he cried, "a milk-white dove—
 "Up in the turret far above!"
 And from his side he drew a dart
 And pierced the trembler to the heart.
 Oh cruel, oh remorseless dart!
 It pierced the trembler to the heart.

III.

"What have I done, unthinking boy!
 "I've slain the thing that was my joy.
 "What have I done?" with tears he cried,
 "I would to Heaven that I had died!
 "The sweetest dove that ever flew,
 "The mildest dove with eyes of blue;—
 "The angel dove that I have slain!
 "Remorse and I are one, though twain;
 "Aye, flow, ye tears! ye fall in vain,
 "I'll ne'er know happiness again!"



LOVE IN ALL SEASONS.

I.

I LOVE my Love in the days of Spring,
 And for her sake, each living thing;
 We gather garlands by the way,
 We pluck the blooms of the merry May.
 We roam the woods, we trace the streams,
 Our waking thoughts are bright as dreams:
 No bee on the blossom, no lark in the sky,
 Is happier than my Love and I!

II.

I'll love my Love in the Summer time,
Our years shall ripen to their prime ;
We'll sit in the shade a little more,
Beneath the elm-trees at the door ;
We'll watch with joy the children run,
We'll give the world our benison :
No bird in its nest on the tree-tops high
Shall be so blithe as my Love and I !

III.

I'll love my Love in the Autumn eves,
We'll gather in our barley sheaves ;
We'll reap our corn, we'll press our vine,
We'll hear on the hills our lowing kine ;
We'll pluck our peaches from the wall,
We'll give our friends a festival :
There is no joy the world can buy
That we shall not share ; my Love and I !

IV.

I'll love my Love in the Winter cold ;—
So shall our tale of life be told ;
We'll sit together by the hearth,
Spectators of a younger mirth ;
And as the children come and go,
We'll dwell in the light where their faces glow :
We'll live in love ; and loving die,
And still love on, my Love and I !

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW.

I.

WHEN, and Where, and How,
 Rule our fate between them,
 Fortunate is he
 Who has grasp'd and seen them.
 Fairies, kind and bright,
 Men and Nature love them ;
 Earth and Time are theirs,
 And the sky above them.

II.

Fame, and Wealth, and Power
 Answer to their hollo !
 Catch them if you can,
 And the world shall follow !
 What his heart desires
 To the utmost tether,
 Are his lot who finds
 All the three together.

III.

But, alas, the day !
 For the hopes they've blighted ;—
 Vain are all their gifts
 If they're disunited.
 WHERE may show the place ;
 WHEN invite you to it ;
 But if How's away,
 How are you to do it ?

IV.

How may take your hand
 And inspire your spirit,
 But if WHEN refuse,
 What's the good of merit?
 WHEN may dawn in smiles,
 But if WHERE'S unsteady,
 What avails the time,
 Or the hand that's ready?

V.

Singly oft they come,
 Cheating Life's endeavour;—
 Oh, the fairy Sprites,
 Dodging us for ever!
 One, and two I've found,
 Willing when I bade them;
 But the third, alas!
 Never came to aid them!

VI.

Let them cross my path
 Only for a minute,
 And whate'er my chase,
 Trust me, I shall win it!
 All my heart's desire,
 To the utmost tether,
 Shall be mine the day
 When they come together!

POUR THE WINE IN THE CUP.

I.

Pour the wine in the cup,
 Beading up!
We'll be merry and wise, though we're few ;
Fill each glass to the brink,
 And we'll drink
Success to the gallant and true !
 Confusion to knaves !
 And freedom to slaves !
And joy to the honest wherever they be !
 Bad luck to the bad !
 Good heart to the sad !
And health to the Queen of the free !

II.

Pour the wine in the cup,
 Beading up !
Once again we'll be all of a mind ;
Fill each glass to the brink,
 And we'll drink
Success to the fair and the kind !
 To blue eyes and black,
 That shine on life's track,
The bright beaming hazel, the brown and the grey !
 Every joy may they prove,
 If they tell us they love,
And mean the kind words that they say.

III.

Pour the wine in the cup,
 Beading up!
 Let it sparkle and foam in the light;
 Fill each glass to the brink,
 And we'll drink
 Success to the cause that is right.
 May Justice be strong!
 May Truth flourish long!
 May rulers and people true freedom allow!
 And may each who is here
 Keep a conscience that's clear,
 And never be worse than he's now.



BELIEVE IF YOU CAN.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

HOPE cannot cheat us,
 Or Fancy betray;—
 Tempests ne'er scatter
 The blossoms of May.
 The wild winds are constant
 By method and plan—
 Oh! Believe me,—Believe me,
 Believe if you can!

II.

Young Love, who shows us
His Midsummer light,
Spreads the same halo
O'er Winter's dark night ;
And Fame never dazzles
To lure and trepan ;
Oh ! Believe me,—Believe me,
Believe if you can !

III.

Friends of the sunshine
Endure in the storm ;
Never they promise
And fail to perform.
And the night ever ends
As the morning began ;
Oh ! Believe me,—Believe me,
Believe if you can !

IV.

Words softly spoken
No guile ever bore ;
Peaches ne'er harbour
A worm at the core.
And the ground never slipp'd
Under high-reaching man ;
Oh ! Believe me,—Believe me,
Believe if you can !

V.

Seas undeceitful
 Calm smiling at morn,
 Wreck not ere midnight
 The sailor forlorn.
 And gold makes a bridge
 Every evil to span ;
 Oh ! Believe me,—Believe me,
 Believe if you can.



WHEN FIRST MY FANCY.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

WHEN first my fancy ceased to roam,
 'Twas thou that fix'd it, wild before ;
 Thine artless smiles allured it home
 And bade the truant stray no more.
 'Twas beauty's bondage o'er me cast
 The charm that speaks in silent eyes,
 Outshining all the misty past
 With hues of present Paradise.

II.

The wavelet, dazzled by a star,
 Lies lonely 'mid the restless sea ;
 But I,—a wavelet happier far,
 The star itself came down to me.

Oh! blest was I above my thought—
 Beyond Expression's warmest bound ;
 'Twas Earthly Beauty that I sought,
 'Twas Heavenly Goodness that I found.



BURIED GRIEFS.

I.

OH! let them rest, the buried griefs,
 Why should we drag them to the day?
 They lived their hour of storm and shower;
 They lived and died and pass'd away.

II.

Oh! let them rest—their graves are green;
 New life shall rise above the mould;
 The dews shall weep, the blossoms peep,
 The flowers of sympathy unfold.

III.

So, on the solitary moor,
 The soldiers' graves are bright with flowers;
 The wild thyme blooms, and sweet perfumes
 Attract the roamers of the bowers.

IV.

There strays the bee to gather sweets,
 And gives his booming trumpet rest;
 There waves the heath its purple wreath,
 And there the linnet builds her nest.

V.

So let them rest—the buried griefs,
 The place is holy where they lie ;
 On Life's cold waste their graves are placed—
 The flowers look upward to the sky.



OH, SAY, FOND HEART!

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

OH, say, fond Heart! if Wisdom sighs
 To banish Sorrow from its sphere,
 The starry midnight from its skies,
 And wholesome winter from the year?
 Oh no! fond Heart! 'Tis Folly seeks
 Incessant noon and summer bowers;
 The tears we kiss from Beauty's cheeks
 Are Heaven's own dew-drops on the flowers.

II.

And how, fond heart! could Love display
 Its deeper feelings, strong and pure,
 If constant pleasure track'd its way
 And it had nothing to endure?
 Oh cease, fond Heart! the selfish prayer!—
 Take day and night with all they bring;
 'Tis storms that purify the air,
 'Tis Winter spreads the couch of Spring.

THE CONFABULATION.

I.

DREAMING in the shadow,
On a sunny day,
Leaves and blossoms told me
Secrets as I lay,
Gentle as the breezes
Fell the whisper'd words,
Clear above the music
Of the early birds ;
"Sister," said the fair blue-bell,
Bending low her lofty head,
"Hast thou ever thought of dying,
"Daisy, blushing red."

II.

"Sister, when I perish,"
Said the flow'ret mild,
"Let me grace a garland
"For a little child,
"Gather'd by the fingers
"Of a babe at play ;
" 'Mid its flaxen ringlets
"Let my leaves decay !"
"Sister," said the proud blue-bell,
"Lady Ellen passes by,
"Lovely more than speech can utter,
"On her heart I'd die !

III.

" Lightly fall her footsteps,
 " And her bright eyes shine,
 "'Mid the darker noon-time,
 " With a light divine.
 " Better far to perish
 " Breathing her sweet breath,
 " Than from cruel winters
 " To receive my death!"
 Flow'rets fair I thank you both,
 For your gentle thoughts express'd ;
 But, for sake of bright-eyed Ellen,
 Love the blue-bell best.



CONTRASTS.

I.

How beautiful is sunshine
 That follows after rain !
 How pleasant are the dreams of ease
 When purchased by a pain !
 How sweet when true love quarrels
 To make it up again !

II.

How merry is the streamlet
 That has a rock to leap ;
 How blesséd is the daily toil
 That brings refreshing sleep !—
 Then prythee, Love, a quarrel ;
 But neither long nor deep.

III.

How dull would be the morning,
 Had night not gone before !
 How tame would be the summer days
 Were't not for winter hoar !
 And were our life *all* pleasure,
 Delight would be no more !

IV.

After the dark, the dawning ;—
 After the cool, the heat ;—
 After the rain, the buds of spring ;—
 After the sour, the sweet ;—
 And after all thy chiding,
 Behold me at thy feet !



OH, THE HAPPY TIME DEPARTED !

[Air by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

OH, the happy time departed !
 In its smile the world was fair,
 We believed in all men's goodness ;
 Joy and hope were gems to wear—
 Angel visitants were with us,
 There was music in the air.

II.

Oh, the happy time departed!
 Change came o'er it all too soon;
 In a cold and drear December
 Died the leafy wealth of June;
 Winter kill'd our summer roses—
 Discord marr'd a heavenly tune.

III.

Let them pass—the days departed;
 What befell may ne'er befall!
 Why should we with vain lamenting
 Seek a shadow to recall?
 Great the sorrows we have suffer'd—
 Hope is greater than them all.



BY THE LONE SEA-SHORE.

[Glee by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

By the lone sea-shore
 Mournfully beat the waves,
 Mournfully evermore
 The wild wind sobs and raves.
 A sadness and a sense of deep unrest
 Brood on the clouds and on the water's breast.

But lo! the white sea-mew careering,
Floats indolently by,
And lo! a snowy sail appearing
Gleams fair against the sky ;
The sadness and the loneliness depart—
And Nature smiles with sympathy of heart.

II.

From snowy mountain-peak
How sadly we look down
On purple moorland bleak
Ungladden'd by a town :
The solemn grandeur is akin to pain ;
We look for sympathy—and sigh in vain.
But if we hear the kine deep-lowing,
Or voice of chanticleer,
Or watch the azure smoke upflowing
From cottage homesteads near,
The lonely landscape glitters in the sight,
And human gladness robes it with delight.



'TIS MERRY IN THE MEAD.

I.

'Tis merry in the mead,
When tree, and flower, and weed
Unfold their tender leaflets to wanton in the spring ;

When the linnet in the croft,
 And the lark a mile aloft,
 And the blackbird in the thicket, attune their throats
 to sing.

Oh ! 'tis merry out of doors,
 On the daisy-spangled floors
 Of the balmy fields and pastures in the sweet, sweet
 month of May :

When the heart of youth is light,
 And the face of care grows bright,
 And the children leap for gladness in the morning
 of the day.

II.

Oh ! 'tis beautiful to see
 How the blushing apple-tree,
 And the odour-laden hawthorn, and the cherry and
 the sloe,
 Have put on their bridal gear,
 For the nuptials of the year—
 The bridesmaids of the Earth, with their garments
 white as snow.

And how the happy Earth,
 Growing young again in mirth,
 Has prank'd herself in jewels to do honour to the
 day—

Of gold and purple bright,
 Of azure and of white ;
 Her diadem and bracelets, the meadow-flowers of
 May.

III.

Come forth, come forth, ye sad !
 Look at nature and be glad.
 Come forth, ye toiling millions, the universe is fair,—
 Come forth from crowded street,
 And cool your feverish feet
 With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air !
 The children in the meads
 String the buttercups like beads ;
 Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as
 they ;
 Come and hear the cuckoo sing,
 Come and breathe the breath of spring,
 And gild your life's October with the memories of May.



THE CONSOLER.

I.

IN winter, when the trees are bare,
 And nights are moonless ;
 When in the damp and chilling air
 The birds are tuneless ;
 When keen winds rattle on the road
 And nip our fingers,
 There is a comforter abroad
 Who never lingers :
 Ever he sings in silent ways—
 “ The winter closes :
 “ ’Tis I restore the summer days ;—
 “ Time brings the roses.”

II.

When summer heats our veins oppress,
And the woods swelter ;
When, faint with noontide sultriness,
We pine for shelter ;
When weary of the daily walk
O'er moor and meadow,
We long for change, for fireside talk,
And the lamp's shadow,—
Still sings the soother of our woes—
“To sigh is folly ;
“The same kind hand that brought the rose,
“Shall bring the holly.”

III.

True friend !—too often call'd a foe—
He prompts all gladness ;
He whispers warmth when cold winds blow,
And joy in sadness ;
He lights the darkness of to-day
With promised morrows,
And has some kindly word to say
In all our sorrows.
For every grief he bears a spell—
Care's best controller ;
And loves all those who use him well—
TIME, the Consoler !

THE SECRETS OF THE HAWTHORN.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

No one knows what silent secrets
Quiver from thy tender leaves ;
No one knows what thoughts between us
Pass in dewy moonlight eves.
Roving memories and fancies,
Travellers upon Thought's deep sea,
Haunt the gay time of our May-time,
O thou snow-white hawthorn tree !

II.

Lovely was she, bright as sunlight,
Pure and kind, and good and fair ;
When she laugh'd, the ringing music
Rippled through the summer air.
"If you love me ;—shake the blossoms !"
Thus I said too bold and free ;—
Down they came in showers of beauty,
Thou belovéd hawthorn tree !

III.

Sitting on the grass, the maiden
Vow'd the vow to love me well ;
Vow'd the vow ; and oh ! how truly,
No one but myself can tell.
Widely spreads the smiling woodland
Elm and beech are fair to see ;
But thy charms they cannot equal,
O thou happy hawthorn tree !

SHALL LOVE BE FOR EVER THE THEME
OF THE SONG?

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

SHALL Love be for ever the theme of the song,
O minstrel, whose voice the night-echoes prolong?
Shall Friendship and Valour for ever inspire
The thoughts of the heart, and the tones of the lyre?
Ah, no! let them rest in oblivion awhile,
And we'll sing a new song with a tear and a smile,—
The song that shall kindle, wherever we roam,
A light brought from Heav'n to the altar of Home!

II.

“In vain” said the minstrel, “you'd ask me to sing!
“Old names and old thoughts would return to the string;
“Your home would be cheerless, if Love were not there,
“To hallow the spot with all memories fair.
“Were Valour and Duty no guests at the hearth,
“And Friendship an alien in Grief or in Mirth,
“The fire on the altar would die where it grew,
“And Home be no longer the home of the true.”

III.

Let Love then for ever be heard in thy song,
O minstrel, whose voice the night-echoes prolong!
Let Friendship and Valour ennoble thy strain,
And throb in the chords of thy wild harp again,—
With the patriot zeal that ennobles our land,
And hallows the heart when it needs not the hand;—
May these be our blessings wherever we roam,
And live, as of old, in our songs and our Home!





P. 31.

DUDLEY CASTLE

DUDLEY CASTLE.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

FROM Dudley's Halls the lights are glancing,
Far seen across the moorland dim,—
In Dudley's Halls their lord is dancing,
And fair young lips have smiles for him.
And he lies slain I vow'd to cherish—
By Dudley's hand the shaft was thrown ;—
And I forlorn am left to perish,
Heart-broken, widow'd, and alone.

II.

Smile, Dudley, smile, thy revels keeping !—
Make bright with joy thy lordly tower ;
Mine eyes are dim with hopeless weeping,
But misery gives prophetic power.
Down, down shall fall thy turrets hoary ;
Red ruin lights the sultry air ;
And down shall fall thy name and glory,
Low as my shame and my despair.

COME BACK ! COME BACK !

[Music by JOHN GRAY.]

I.

COME back—come back—thou youthful Time,
 When joy and innocence were ours,
 When life was in its vernal prime,
 And redolent of sweets and flowers !
 Come back—and let us roam once more
 Free-hearted through Life's pleasant ways,
 And gather garlands as of yore,—
 Come back—come back—ye happy days !

II.

Come back—come back !—'Twas pleasant then
 To cherish faith in Love and Truth,
 For nothing in dispraise of men
 Had sour'd the temper of our youth.
 Come back—and let us still believe
 The gorgeous dream romance displays,
 Nor trust the tale that men deceive,—
 Come back—come back—ye happy days !

III.

Come back—oh, freshness of the past,
 When every face seem'd fair and kind,
 When sunward every eye was cast,
 And all the shadows fell behind ;—
 Come back !—'Twill come ; true hearts can turn
 Their own Decembers into Mays ;
 The secret be it ours to learn,—
 Come back—come back—ye happy days !

MANY CHANGES I HAVE SEEN.

I.

MANY changes I have seen,
 Over many lands I've been,
 And I've learn'd a thing or two in my time.
 I never knew a knave
 Who went happy to the grave,
 Or reach'd the mountain-top he meant to climb.
 Though I've travell'd far and wide,
 And have waited time and tide,
 I never knew Dishonesty to win,
 Or a heart however hard
 From all sympathy debarr'd,
 Or that kindness could not touch and enter in.

II.

Never yet in all my round,
 Though I've sought him, have I found
 A thriving man contented with his gold ;
 Or the children of the just
 Lying homeless in the dust,
 Without a friend to shield them from the cold.
 Never yet could I discern,
 Though I've struggled hard to learn,
 That the rich could bolt out Sorrow from the door ;
 Or that Wisdom, very wise
 In its own and others' eyes—
 Did not nurse some little folly at the core.

III.

Never yet I knew a man
 Who made others' good his plan,
 Who was not over-paid in peace of mind ;
 Nor a worshipper of self
 And a scraper-up of pelf,
 Whose treasures were not scatter'd to the wind.
 And now the song is done,
 Here's success to every one
 Who plays through all his life a manly part !
 And be blessings round them flung,
 Be they old or be they young,
 Who unite in all their doings, willing hand and
 loving heart.



THE SYMPATHY OF THE BELLS.

I.

FORLORN ! Forlorn ! I sit and sigh
 And hear the church bells pealing high,
 " One "—" two "—" three "—" four "—
 No more, no more
 Shall I be happy as before.
 " One "—" two "—" three "—" four "—" five "—" six "
 —" seven "—" eight "—
 There hangs a cloud upon my fate ;—
 The bells my very accents borrow,
 And ring in sympathy of sorrow.

II.

But when with care-untroubled mind
 I hear the chimes upon the wind,
 " One "—" two "—and " three "
 Oh merrily !
 " Four "—" five "—" six "—" seven "—
 From earth to heaven.
 " One "—" two "—" three "—" four "—" five "—" six "
 —" seven "—" eight "—
 The joy-bells storm its opening gate ;—
 'Tis from my thought they take the measure,
 And ring in sympathy of pleasure.



THE UNIVERSAL CORNER.

I.

WHEN little John is five years old
 With cheeks like peaches glowing,
 With merry eyes, half bold, half shy,
 And smiles like ripples flowing ;
 Wouldst see him happy ? Watch him well,
 And, proud as famous Horner,
 You'll find him joyous and alone
 With sweetmeats in a corner.

II.

And older grown, a youth in years,
When taste and pleasures vary,
He loves to haunt the self-same place
With cousin Jane or Mary.
Inquire not what their talk may be,
Nor laugh, you idle scorner ;
But be assured, whate'er they say,
They're happy in the corner.

III.

And later still, when past his prime,
He's run the round of pleasure,
And learn'd, like Israel's mournful king,
The worth of things to measure.
"What shadows have I chased," he cries—
And sighs, with heart forlorn—
"Vexation, vanity, and shams,
"I spy you from the corner!"

IV.

Still faithful to the place, he sits
With wife and children round him,
And smokes the "calumet of peace,"
When troubles would confound him.
Takes Fortune kindly, if she comes ;
If absent, does not mourn her :
So topple kingdoms, if you will—
He's quiet in the corner !

THE DEWDROP AND THE DIAMOND.

I.

A DEWDROP, bright with all the rays
That summer noon could lend her,
Lay smiling on a rose's breast
In evanescent splendour.
"Behold," said Folly, passing by,
"This gem the rose adorning!
"How like a gem of priceless worth
"It sparkles to the morning."

II.

A diamond, lost from Beauty's brow,
Lay lonely in the by-way;
And heard the words that Folly spoke,
Repeated from the highway.
"Ah me!" she said, "this transient thing
"Extorts the praise of many;
"While I am trodden in the dust,
"Unseen, unknown of any."

III.

Hush! Envy, hush! the true of heart
Should bear without repining;
Thy light is not the less thine own
That none can see it shining!
The dew exhaling in the sun
Shall fade from men's opinion;
Whilst thou mayst live to grace a crown
In glory and dominion!

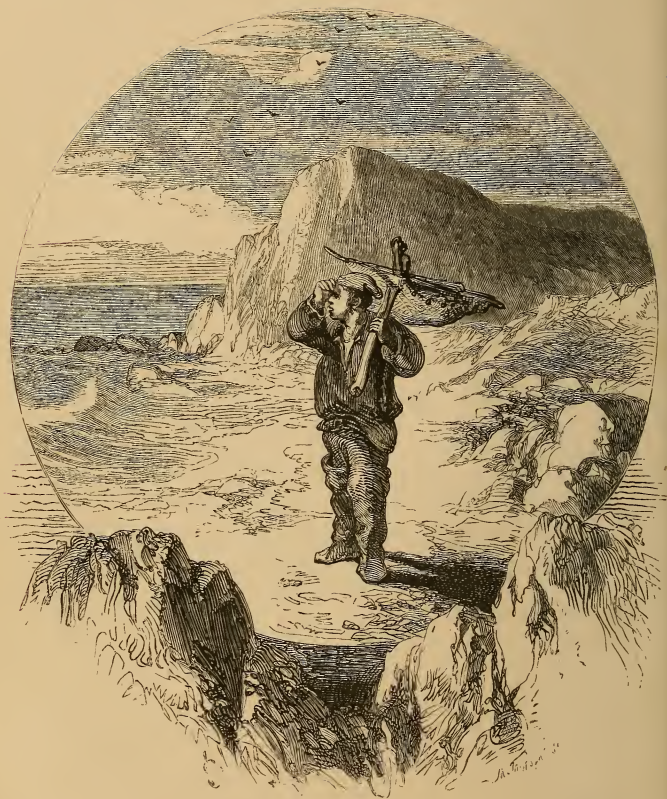
ELLEN.

I.

WHEN thou art grave, and castest down
Those beaming eyes of thoughtful beauty,
And speakest low the kindly words
That make our admiration duty ;
When with thy gentle woman's voice
Some tale of grief I hear thee telling,
Till all thy heart with pity throbs,
I love thee, and I call thee Ellen.

II.

But when thou'rt gay, and sheddest smiles,
Like sunlight on the place thou fillest ;
When to delight the throbbing air
Some snatch of melody thou trillest ;
When, like a little silver bell,
Thy merry laugh rings musically,
And thy sweet eyes respond to mine,
I love thee, and I call thee Nelly.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

[Air by CHARLES MACKAY : Arranged for three voices by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

WHAT joy attends the fisher's life !

Blow, winds, blow !

The fisher and his faithful wife.

Row, boys, row !

He drives no plough on stubborn land,

His fields are ready to his hand ;

No nipping frosts his orchards fear,

He has his Autumn all the year.

Yeo ! Heave ! Ho !

II.

The husbandman has rent to pay.

Blow, winds, blow !

And seed to purchase every day.

Row, boys, row !

But he who farms the rolling deeps,

Though never sowing, always reaps ;

The ocean-fields are fair and free,

There are no rent-days on the sea.

Yeo ! Heave ! Ho !

III.

Then joy attend the fisher's life !

Blow, winds, blow !

The fisher and his faithful wife.

Row, boys, row !

May favouring breezes fill his sail,
 His teeming harvests never fail!
 And from his cottage on the strand
 Come forth defenders of our land.

Yeo! Heave! Ho!



GOOD-BYE, DEAR FRIENDS!

I.

WHEN on the bough the fruits decay,
 The hungry sparrows fly away;
 And when the house begins to fall,
 The rats forsake it, one and all:

Good friends—dear friends—such fate have I!
 My fortune's daily growing worse,
 There's not a penny in my purse:

Good-bye!—dear friends—good-bye!

II.

'Tis true I gave you corn and wine,
 And made you free to all things mine;
 But times have greatly changed since then,
 I yield no drink to thirsty men:

Good friends—dear friends—the well is dry;
 I seek in vain through all the town,
 And cannot borrow half a crown:

Good-bye!—dear friends—good-bye!

III.

But should the tree bear fruit once more,
 The birds will twitter as before;

And should the house forbear to fall,
The rats will burrow in the wall.

Good friends—you're happy—so am I!
The leafless tree can stand alone ;
The wall is built of solid stone :

Good-bye !—dear friends—good-bye !

IV.

So get you gone, I need you not !
Your friendship's dear at half a groat !
I have some friends worth scores of you,
Health, Hope, and Strength, to dare and do.

Good friends—there's sunshine in the sky ;
You've served your ends,—no harm is done,—
I've learn'd what company to shun :

Good-bye !—dear friends—good-bye !



TRADE AND SPADE.

I.

BETWEEN two friends in days of old
A bitter strife began ;
And Father SPADE with Brother TRADE
Disputed man to man.

“ You're vain, undutiful, and proud,”
Said SPADE, with flashing eyes ;

“ You earn your thousands while I starve ;
“ You mock my children's cries.

- " You ride in state with lordly looks ;
 " You dwell in bower and hall ;
 " You speak of me reproachfully,
 " And prosper on my fall.
 " So from this hour, in shine or shower,
 " We'll learn to live apart :
 " I ruled the earth ere you were born—
 " I cast you from my heart ! "

II.

- And TRADE lost temper in his pride,
 And utter'd words of scorn :
 " You do not know the ways of men,
 " Amid your sheep and corn.
 " You doze away the busy day,
 " Nor think how minutes run ;—
 " Go, put your shoulder to your work,
 " And do as I have done.
 " You've all the earth to yield you wealth,
 " Both corn and pasture-land ;
 " I only ask a counting-house,
 " And room whereon to stand.
 " And from this hour, in shine or shower,
 " I'll learn to live alone ;
 " I'll do without you well enough—
 " The world shall be my own ! "

III.

- And thus they wrangled night and day,
 Unfair, like angry men ;
 Till things went wrong between them both,
 And would not right again.

But growing wiser in distress,
Each grasp'd the other's hand ;
" 'Twas wrong," said SPADE, " to rail at TRADE ;
" He loves me in the land."
And TRADE as freely own'd his fault :
" I've been unjust," he said,
" To quarrel with the good old man
" Who grows my daily bread.
" Long may we flourish, TRADE and SPADE,
" In city and in plain !
" The people starve while we dispute—
" We must not part again."

IV.

And all the people sang for joy,
To see their good accord :
While SPADE assembled all his sons,
And piled his plenteous board.
He fed them on the best of fare,
Untax'd the foaming ale,
And pray'd on England's happy shore
That TRADE might never fail.
And busy TRADE sent fleets of ships
To every sea and strand,
And built his mills and factories
O'er all the prosperous land.
And so we'll sing God save the Queen !
And long may Father SPADE,
For sake of both the rich and poor,
Unite with Brother TRADE.

THE CHRISTMAS QUEEN.

I.

I AM Queen of Smiles and Beauty,
 Queen supreme this Christmas night.
 Loyal subjects! hear your duty—
 My decrees are Law and Right.
 Mine's a crown of Christmas Holly,
 Mine's a charter—wide yet clear;
 Foe of gloom and melancholy,
 Friend of Laughter—Song—and Cheer.

II.

I have titles to reward you,
 I can make you Dukes and Earls;
 In my court we'll thus regard you,
 If it please the pretty girls.—
 Choose your rank! "my Lady Smiler!"
 "Duchess Lovely!" "Countess Coy!"
 "Princess Eye-Bright,"—heart-beguiler!
 "Ensign Pleasure!" "General Joy!"

III.

Could I govern States and Nations
 As to-night I govern you,
 I would double poor men's rations,
 And give Merit all its due.
 Wealth should taste a keener pleasure,
 Happy genius learn to thrive,
 Every child should be a treasure,
 And each honest man should wive.

IV.

This I'd do if I were able,
 And my kingdom not so small,—
 Bounded by a dinner-table
 And the pictures on the wall.
 Yet, what matters? Here is gladness :
 Joy requires no wider span—
 Leave the outer world to sadness ;—
 We'll be happy while we can.



HAPPY WINTER.

I.

SAID Winter ;—and he strove to frown,
 “ Why do you love me, young and old ?
 “ The drifting snows my forehead crown,
 “ My heart is hard, my blood is cold ? ”
 “ Ah, no ! ” said both, “ We love you well
 “ For fresh delights remember'd long ;
 “ Your voice is merry as a bell,
 “ And all your accents sound like song.
 “ So smile—old Winter—smile again,
 “ You but pretend our foe to be ;
 “ You warm and cheer the hearts of men,
 “ We love you for your Revelry.”

II.

Said Winter to the maid I love,
 " What makes thee prize me, maiden fair ?
" I strip the verdure from the grove,
 " And Hush the music in the air."
Sweet was her smile as she replied,
 " O Winter wild, though this be true,
" You come with Christmas at your side—
 " You give affection work to do.
" The suffering and the poor you seek,
 " With kindly words and offerings free,
" You dry the tears on Sorrow's cheek ;
 " We love you for your Charity."

III.

Old Winter kiss'd the blushing maid,
 To young and old he held his hand :
" Who loves me in this guise," he said,
 " Need fear no winter in the land.
" On them I'll ask my daughter Spring
 " Her choicest blooms and balms to pour,
" The Summer on their path shall sing,
 " And Autumn bless them with its store.
" So be ye happy on the earth,
 " Whate'er your name or station be,
" Who mingle with your Christmas mirth
 " Your bounteous Christmas Charity."

COLD CHRISTMAS ?—NO !

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

COLD Christmas? No!

Our Christmas is not cold ;
 Although the north winds blow,
 And pile the drifting snow,
 And the beech-trees on the freezing wold
 Rock sadly to and fro,
 Our Christmas bears a warm true heart,
 His face is red with glee ;
 And he jests and laughs,
 And he sings and quaffs.
 He was never unkind to me, my love :
 May he never be cold to thee !
 Cold Christmas? No !
 He is warm and bright,
 And he brings delight
 To the hearts both of high and low.

II.

Old Christmas? No!

Though states and kingdoms wear,
 And change and ruin grow
 From ages as they flow ;
 He's as light of tread, as young and fair,
 As a thousand years ago.
 The morning beams are always new,
 And scatter blessings free ;
 And the Christmas-day
 Is as new as they.

He was never old to me, my love :
 May he never grow old to thee !
 Old Christmas ? No !
 He shall never part
 With his youth of heart
 While there's love in this world below.



THE DOUBTFUL CASE OF ABSTINENCE AND
 TEMPERANCE—

WITH THE UMPIRE'S OPINION.

THE WATER-DRINKERS.

As long as there are wells and springs,
 And clear refreshing fountains,
 As long as mighty rivers run
 To ocean from the mountains,
 As long as seas give back to clouds
 The rains that form the river,—
 We'll drink our draughts of water pure,
 And bless the bounteous giver.

THE WINE-DRINKERS.

As long as vineyards yield the grape
 And nectarines grow mellow,
 As long as apples load the trees
 And barley-fields are yellow,—
 We'll drink our cider, ale or mead,
 And wine, the best of liquors,
 And press whatever juice we please
 To fill our flowing bickers.

THE WATER-DRINKERS.

Let those who toast the lords of war
And demigods of battle,
Prefer the draught of fiery wine,
And make the tables rattle ;
We drink to men of peaceful deeds,
To men abhorring slaughter,
The civilizers of the earth,
And—here's to them—in water !

Let those whose fitful passions rove
From new to newer beauty,
Drink to their changeful loves in wine,
And scorn the charms of duty ;
We drink the mild domestic hearth,
The wife, the son, the daughter—
The bright fireside of honest men—
And—here's to it—in water !

THE WINE-DRINKERS.

Let you who are so puling weak,
So lost to self-reliance,
As not to trust your own resolve
To bid excess defiance,
Drink, if you will, at pumps and wells,
Lest use of wine should hurt you ;
We'll taste the blessings Heaven has sent,
Nor think denial virtue.

Poor souls! you fear not other men,
 You dread internal treason,
 But if you starved for fear you'd choke,
 You'd show as much of reason.
 We too can honour virtuous love
 And fame unbought of slaughter—
 We'll drink to both in wholesome wine,
 And wash ourselves in water.

THE UMPIRE'S OPINION.

Like every umpire ever named
 A doubtful case to settle,
 I can but say I love you both,
 Oh goblet!—and oh kettle!—
 Whene'er I drink to honest hearts,
 I'll drink with equal pleasure
 The limpid water from the brook,
 Or wine in flowing measure.

Let those who, masters of themselves,
 Can use without abusing,
 Drink the good wine, whate'er it be—
 I leave it to their choosing.
 But those who feel their want of strength
 When woo'd by potions richer,
 Are wise if they confine their draughts
 To water from the pitcher.

ELLEN EVELINA.

I.

THOU hast smiles for all the world,
 Ellen Evelina !
 Beautiful those smiles may be,
 Warm as sunshine, and as free ;
 But I'd rather, I confess,
 Love a maid who, smiling less,
 Gave her sweetest smiles to me,
 Ellen Evelina !

II.

Thou canst win the world's applause,
 Ellen Evelina !
 Thou'rt a wit and *bel esprit*,
 Living upon flattery ;
 But I'd rather all my days
 Love a woman seeking praise
 Not from others, but from me,
 Ellen Evelina !

III.

When thou singest, hearts beat low,
 Ellen Evelina !
 Admiration great and free
 Lingers on thy melody !
 But no song, however fair,
 In my fancy can compare
 With a whisper'd—"I love thee,"
 Ellen Evelina !

IV.

Oft I think against my will,
Ellen Evelina !
 Notwithstanding all I see
 Bright and beautiful in thee,
 That thou lovest, oh my belle,
 Thy enchanting self too well,
 To give love enough to me,
Ellen Evelina !

V.

Thou hast chosen—so have I—
Ellen Evelina !
 In thy track I'll cease to run,
 I will end as I begun ;
 She whom I would choose for life,
 For my love, my friend, my wife,
 Must have heart—and thou hast none,
Ellen Evelina !



GREAT KING WILLIAM.

I.

GREAT King William spread before him
 All his stores of wealth untold,
 Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
 Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
 Mournfully he gazed upon it
 As it glitter'd in the sun,
 Sighing to himself, "Oh treasure !
 "Held in care, by sorrow won ;

“Millions think me rich and happy,
“But, alas! before me piled,
“I would give thee ten times over
“For the slumbers of a child.”

II.

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow,
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below ;
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadrons trod the sward ;
And he sigh'd “Oh! mighty army,
“Hear thy miserable lord :
“At my word thy legions gather—
“At my nod thy captains bend—
“But, with all thy power and splendour,
“I would give thee for a friend !”

III.

Great King William stood on Windsor,
Looking from its castled height
O'er his wide-spread realm of England,
Glittering in the morning light ;
Looking on the tranquil river
And the forest waving free,
And he sigh'd, “Oh! land of beauty,
“Fondled by the circling sea,
“Mine thou art, but I would yield thee,
“And be happy, could I gain,
“In exchange, a peasant's garden
“And a conscience free from stain.”

PROUD BEAUTY.

I.

PROUD maid, thou lov'st thyself too much
To give thy love to me ;
Thou art too distant for my touch,
I've lost my faith in thee.

II.

Though thou art splendid as a star,
Thy beams are little worth,
They come too coldly from afar,
And cannot warm the earth.

III.

I want no star amid the gloom,
To light my mortal way,
I want a taper in my room
When twilight groweth gray.

IV.

I want no proud majestic tree
To shade my cottage o'er,
I want a honeysuckle free
To clamber at the door.

V.

I want no diamond sharply set
Upon my forehead press'd,
I'd rather have a violet
To carry at my breast.

VI.

Thy charms may rivalry eclipse,
 That all men may admire,
 I'd rather have a pair of lips
 To kiss beside the fire.

VII.

I've lost all hopes I ever built,
 Of being loved by thee—
 So, Lady, dazzle whom thou wilt,
 No more thou'lt dazzle me.



UNDER THE VINE.

I.

ALTHOUGH my hand ne'er touch'd the tree
 Whence droop the ripe grapes temptingly,
 Nor strove to snatch those treasures red
 That smile to woo us overhead,
 I'd gather sweeter fruits than thou
 Couldst ever rifle from the bough,
 Were I beside thee, maiden mine,
 Beneath those branches of the vine.

II.

I'd gaze upon thy beaming eyes,
 And gather hopes and sympathies ;
 I'd sun me in those smiles so bright,
 And fill my heart with inward light ;

I'd hear thy voice so low and clear,
 And cull sweet words I love to hear ;
 Thy willing hand in mine I'd press,
 And from its touch draw happiness.

III.

Fair from the bough the bunches dip,
 Cool treasures for the longing lip—
 All thine to gather ; but for me,
 More fruits than ever swung from tree
 Lurk in the whispers of thy mouth,
 And overvalue all the south ;
 So gather, gather, maiden fine,
 Thy harvest cannot equal mine.



THE FESTIVAL OF LABOUR.

OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

I.

GATHER, ye nations, gather !
 From forge, and mine, and mill !
 Come, Science and Invention ;
 Come, Industry and Skill !
 Come with your woven wonders,
 The blossoms of the loom,
 That rival Nature's fairest flowers
 In all but their perfume ;

Come with your brass and iron,
Your silver and your gold,
And arts that change the face of earth,
Unknown to men of old.
Gather, ye nations, gather!
From every clime and soil,
The new confederation,
The jubilee of toil!

II.

We strive not for dominion;—
Whoe'er the worthiest be,
Shall bear the palm and garland,
And crown of victory.
In kindly emulation
His willing hand we'll seek,
And own him brother and a friend,
Whatever tongue he speak.
Whate'er his clime or colour,
His lineage or his creed,
To him shall honour due be given
For honourable deed.
Gather, ye nations, gather!
Exalt them—for you can—
The dignity of labour,
The brotherhood of man!

III.

The world is growing wiser,
New thoughts and hopes are born;
Too long we've dwelt in darkness,
And tarried for the morn.

Too long in foolish warfare
 We've dipp'd our bleeding hands ;
 But wisdom, taught by suffering keen,
 Comes beaming o'er the lands.
 Our princes and our people
 The grateful truth have learn'd,
 And strive for glory purer far
 Than Cæsar ever earn'd.
 Gather, ye nations, gather !
 Let ancient discords cease,
 And Earth, with myriad voices,
 Awake the song of Peace !



NOON-TIME IN THE SHADE.

I.

FAR away—Oh far away
 From cities all this summer-day,
 On the fresh grass beneath the trees,
 Lull'd by the voice of birds and bees,
 And music of the boughs above,
 We'll sit, and sing and read of love,
 And quite forget—so happy, then—
 The tramp and crash of living men.

II.

Far away—Oh far away—
 We will be selfish for a day,
 And flying from incessant strife,
 Live with the leaves a careless life ;

One day ;—it is not much to crave ;—
Out of the ocean, one small wave
On which to float, nor seek to know
How th' incessant world may go.

III.

Far away—Oh far away—
I will sing my love a lay ;
And she shall sit amid the flowers,
And hear of ancient troubadours ;
And if it please my fancy well
My passion in disguise to tell,
I'll woo my lady in a song,
And she shall blush, nor think me wrong.

IV.

Far away—Oh far away—
Thankful for a summer-day ;
We will enjoy it like the leaves,
Or ripening corn that never grieves,
Or mellowing fruit upon the bough
That blushes thanks for sunshine now ;
Or lark that sings in heaven's blue cope—
A thing too happy ev'n to hope.

V.

Far away—Oh far away—
We'll make a gem of Time to-day ;
And should the future need the spark,
We'll draw the jewel from the dark—
Of all our jewels prized the best,
And wear it upon Memory's breast,
To show—whatever fate contrives—
We once were happy in our lives.

SUMMER RAIN.

[Glee by SIR H. R. BISHOP]

I.

THE mountain streams are silent
 Or whisper faint and low,
 The Earth is grateful to the dews
 For moisture which the clouds refuse,—
 Blow, west wind,—blow !
 And fall, O gentle Rain !
 Awake the music of the bowers,
 Unfold the beauty of the flowers ;—
 The corn-fields long to hear thy voice,
 And woods and orchards will rejoice
 To see thee, gentle Rain !

II.

It comes ! The gushing wealth descends !
 Hark ! how it patters on the leaves !
 Hark ! how it drips from cottage eaves !—
 The pastures and the clouds are friends—
 Drop gently, gentle Rain !
 The fainting corn-stalk lifts its head,
 The grass grows greener at thy tread,
 The woods are musical again ;—
 And from the hill-side springing,
 Down comes the torrent singing,
 With grateful nature in accord,
 A full-voiced anthem to the Lord,
 To thank Him for the Rain.

THE GIN-FIEND.

I.

THE Gin-Fiend cast his eyes abroad,
 And look'd o'er all the land,
 And number'd his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like, long right hand.
 He took his place in the teeming street,
 And watch'd the people go ;
 Around and about, with a buzz and a shout,
 For ever to and fro ;—
 “ And it's hip !” said the Gin-Fiend, “ hip, hurra !
 “ For the multitudes I see,
 “ Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
 “ And die for the love of me.”

II.

There stood a woman on a bridge,
 She was old, but not with years—
 Old with excess, and passion, and pain,
 And she wept remorseful tears
 As she gave to her babe her milkless breast ;
 Then, goaded by its cry,
 Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
 In the sight of the passers-by !
 “ And it's hip !” said the Gin-Fiend, “ hip, hurra !
 “ She sinks ;—but let her be !
 “ In life or death, whatever she did,
 “ Was all for the love of me.”

III.

There watch'd another by the hearth,
 With sullen face and thin ;
She utter'd words of scorn and hate
 To one that stagger'd in.
Long had she watch'd, and when he came
 His thoughts were bent on blood ;—
He could not brook her taunting look,
 And he slew her where she stood.
“And it's hip !” said the Gin-Fiend, “hip, hurra !
 “My right good friend is he ;
“He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life,
 “And all for the love of me.”

IV.

And every day, in the crowded way,
 He takes his fearful stand,
And numbers his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like, long right hand ;
And every day, the weak and strong,
 Widows, and maids, and wives,
Blood-warm, blood-cold, young men and old,
 Offer the Fiend their lives.
“And it's hip !” he says, “hip ! hip ! hurra !
 “For the multitudes I see,
“That sell their souls for the burning drink,
 “And die for the love of me.”

THE GLADES OF WINDSOR.

[James I. of Scotland was taken captive by the English in the eleventh year of his age. He was educated at Windsor Castle, and became the most accomplished prince of his time. He excelled particularly in poetry and music; and on his return to Scotland, after a captivity of nineteen years, he introduced into his own land the music which he had learned in Windsor Castle. He is universally recognised as "the father of Scottish melody," and popular tradition ascribes to him the composition of many national airs. He has narrated, in his poem of "The King's Quir" (The King's Book), the romantic history of his love for the daughter of the Duke of Somerset—the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort—whom he saw for the first time from a turret of Windsor Castle, as she was walking among her maidens. He afterwards married this lady, who became Queen of Scotland; and during his unhappy reign of fourteen years, and in the tragic incident which ended his life, she conducted herself with a mingled gentleness and heroism which justified the passionate attachment of her husband, and which to this day shed a halo of light upon her name and memory.]

I.

OH, fond is remembrance of time long departed ;
 Come, sit by my side, and the days I'll recall,
 When the present was bright to the young and true-
 hearted,
 And the fast-coming future seem'd brighter than all.
 Through each fair forest glade
 Of green Windsor we stray'd ;
 Our speech was a token, our silence a sign,
 And thy hand's gentle pressure,
 My heart's dearest treasure,
 First told me of love that responded to mine.

II.

In the dark gloomy dawn of my life's early morning,
 When captive I pined for my home far away,
 I forgot all my foemen,—their gibes and their scorning,
 As soon as thy love shed a light on my way.

In that thrice-blesséd hour
 When I gazed from the tower,
 And beheld thee below in thy beauty and grace ;
 With bondage contented,
 No more I lamented,
 But found a new hope in the heaven of thy face.

III.

The hope I then cherish'd has never deceived me,
 With thee all my days have been days of delight ;
 The world may have oft, but thou never hast grieved me,
 And always thy counsels have led me aright :
 Oh ! my love and my life,
 My heart's partner and wife,
 The weight of a crown is a burden of pain ;
 Sharp agonies line it,
 And might I resign it,
 'Twere sweet to be with thee in Windsor again.



A POOR MAN'S TREASURES.

I.

THOUGH I may be poor, if you reckon in coin,
 For wealth I'm too happy to sigh :
 I'm rich in some jewels no thief can purloin,
 And that Cræsus himself could not buy.
 I've health,—that's a fortune—and, more !
 My teeth are estates in their place ;—
 My nose—half a million could never restore
 A jewel, like *that*, to my face.

II.

And then, I've my eyes ; not the throne of this land
 Could tempt me to part with but one.
 My senses, my limbs, and my willing right hand ;
 Fresh air, and the light of the sun ;—
 With these and the friend that I love,
 And the heart that beats fondly for me,
 With Hope at my side looking calmly above,
 I'm rich as a mortal can be.



PROTESTATIONS.

I.

IF the apple grow
 On the apple-tree ;
 And the wild wind blow
 O'er the wild wood free ;
 And the deep stream flow
 To the deeper sea ;
 And they cannot help growing,
 And blowing, and flowing,
 I cannot help loving thee.

II.

Yet if wild winds blew
 Never more on the lea ;
 And no blossoms grew
 On the healthy tree ;
 And the river untrue
 Escaped the sea ;

And they all had ceased blowing,
 And growing, and flowing,
 I'd ne'er cease loving thee.

III.

And till that hour,
 In the day or night ;
 In the bield or bower,
 In the dark or bright ;
 In the fruit or the flower,
 In the bloom or the blight :
 In my reaping or sowing,
 My coming or going,
 I'll ne'er cease loving thee.



IRELAND'S WELCOME TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—1849.

[Air by JOHN SMITH, Mus. Doc., Dublin.]

I.

SAD Erin ! thy harp has been silent too long ;
 Its strings to thy touch throb responsive no more ;
 Thy voice, once attuned to the raptures of song,
 But raises a moan on thy desolate shore.
 Arouse thee, O Erin ! look up through thy tears ;
 The Queen of the Isles in thy havens appears,
 With sisterly love, and all sympathies true ;—
 Awaken thy harp—let it sound on her ears,—
 “ *Cead mile failte !—Erin aboo !* ”

II.

The night of thy sorrow shall melt in the morn ;
 Already the darkness gives place to the day ;
And thy children, that sat on their thresholds forlorn,
 Look up to the sunshine that brightens the way.
Exult, then, O Erin ! Victoria shall bring,
For the winter now passing, the glories of spring—
 For the dark-beating tempest, clear vistas of blue ;—
And the thousands now weeping shall smile as they sing,
 “ *Cead mile failte !—Erin aboo !* ”

III.

As flowers track'd the steps of the fairies of old,
 And halos encircled the spots where they stood,
So Confidence, strewing its blessings around,
 Shall follow the steps of Victoria the Good !
Arouse thee, O Erin ! with heart and with hand,
She comes on an errand of love to thy strand ;
 Look up, with thy sons, ever fervent and true,
And let the glad chorus resound through the land,—
 “ *Cead mile failte !—Erin aboo !* ”

JOY IN GRIEF.

I.

WHO is it shall complain
 Of the tempest and the rain ?
 Who is it shall make moan for the bitter biting blast ?
 Or chide the winter cold
 Nipping up the dreary wold,
 Or hang his heavy head when the skies are overcast ?
 Who is it shall complain
 Of the heritage of pain,
 Or call our sister Sorrow a tyrant and a foe ?
 Who weeps that he must die,
 When there 's life beyond the sky,
 And in the heart of Nature a balm for every woe ?

II.

From the tempest and the rain
 Spring the plenty of the plain ;
 From the bitter biting blast flows the healing of the air ;
 From the cold of winter dull,
 And the clouds with moisture full,
 Come the cowslips of the meadow and the roses grow-
 ing fair.
 From the sorrow and the pain
 That oppress the heavy brain
 Come our strength and self-reliance ; we but suffer
 what we know :
 From the death that we deplore
 Springs the life for evermore ;
 Look up, O mournful spirit, there is joy in every woe.

TO-DAY.

I.

THE Breath of Morn, the opening rose,
The Sun that shines above—
The happy birds that soar and sing—
The lips that whisper Love—
Old Yesterday, though he be dead,
Took none of these away ;
He could not steal them if he tried,
But left them for To-day.

II.

To-day shall not exhaust the gifts ;—
He's liberal in his turn—
And though he die, shall fire not glow,
And true affection burn ?
But dark To-morrow ! Let him come ?
We'll face him as we may ;—
We'll change his name, but not his heart—
And treat him as TO-DAY.

HOSPITALITY.

I.

WE may not praise the good old times
For all that they record,
When Wrong was Right, if saucy Might
Affirm'd it with the sword.
The gate and bridge, the moat and tower,
Were best defences then ;
Rough hearts were served by sturdy hands
And Force was king of men.
But though our sires had errors great,
Their virtues let us own ;
They made the poor their welcome guests—
They hush'd the widow's moan.

II.

When redbreasts sought the garden plot,
To pick the scanty crumb ;
When winds blew cold o'er frozen wold,
And all the groves were dumb ;
When poverty and age were sad,
To see the drifting flakes ;
When widows kiss'd their orphan babes,
And shudder'd for their sakes ;
Then glow'd the fire upon the hearth
In many an ancient hall ;
The tables shook—the platters smoked—
The poor were welcome all.

III.

The ancient Virtue is not dead,
 And long may it endure ;
 May wealth in England never fail,
 Nor pity for the poor.
 Though cold inhospitable skies
 O'er-arch us as we stand,
 They cannot dull the genial hearts
 That glow within the land.
 And evermore when winds blow cold
 We'll imitate our sires—
 We'll spread the board—we'll feed the poor—
 We'll light the cottage fires.



GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

I.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
 Go forth to work or play ;
 And when they visit poor men's homes,
 They bless them by the way.
 'Tis Willing Hand ! 'tis Cheerful Heart,
 The two best friends I know ;
 Around the hearth come Joy and Mirth
 Where'er their faces glow.
 Come shine—'tis bright ! Come dark—'tis right !
 Come cold—'twill warm ere long !—
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
 Merrily sound the song !

II.

Who falls may stand, if good Right Hand
Is first, not second best ;
Who weeps may sing, if Kindly Heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties pour'd,
When they sit down to dine :
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water's good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong,
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

III.

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them Poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare.
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run,
Or climb they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

THE LOST DAY.

I.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent ;
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavour.
In shade and sun
Thy race is run
For ever ! oh, for ever !
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread eternity
The dying minutes pass.

II.

It was not till thine end
I knew thou wert my friend ;
But now, thy worth recalling,
My grief is strong
I did thee wrong,
And scorn'd thy treasures falling.
But sorrow comes too late ;
Another day is born ;—
Pass, minutes, pass ; may better fate
Attend to-morrow morn.

III.

Oh, birth ! oh, death of Time !
Oh, mystery sublime !

Ever the rippling ocean
 Brings forth the wave
 To smile or rave,
 And die of its own motion.
 A little wave to strike
 The sad responsive shore,
 And be succeeded by its like
 Ever and evermore.

IV.

A change from same to same—
 A quench'd, yet burning flame,—
 A new birth, born of dying,—
 A transient ray,
 A speck of day,
 Approaching and yet flying.
 Pass to Eternity.
 O day, that came in vain!
 A new wave surges on the sea—
 The world grows young again.

V.

Come in, To-day, come in!
 I have confess'd my sin
 To thee, young promise-bearer!
 New Lord of Earth!
 I hail thy birth—
 The crown awaits the wearer.
 Child of the ages past!
 Sire of a mightier line!
 On the same deeps our lot is cast!
 The world is thine—and mine!

THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

I.

THERE was Hope in the Ark at the dawn of the day,
When o'er the wide waters the dove flew away ;
But when ere the night she came wearily back
With the leaf she had pluck'd on her desolate track,
The children of Noah knelt down and adored,
And utter'd in anthems their praise to the Lord.
Oh bird of glad tidings ! oh joy in our pain !
Beautiful Dove ! thou art welcome again.

II.

When peace has departed the care-stricken breast,
And the feet of the weary one languish for rest ;
When the world is a wide-spreading ocean of grief,
How blest the return of the Bird and the Leaf !
Reliance on God is the Dove to our Ark,
And peace is the olive she plucks in the dark.
The deluge abates, there is sun after rain—
Beautiful Dove ! thou art welcome again !

LAST YEAR'S LEAVES.

I.

THE last year's leaves are sere and brown,
They float on winds and waters down ;
And last year's joys, once green as they,
Are shadows in the light of day.

But who for leaves
Sits down and grieves ?

The tree that bore them lifts on high
The boughs that live when blossoms die ;
And we remain
To hope again,
And draw new sunshine from the sky.

II.

'Mid last year's leaves the cuckoo sang ;
From last year's hopes our gladness sprang ;
The cuckoo to the South has fled ;
The promise and the joy are dead ;
Yet who shall rue,

Though this be true ?

The song-birds but await the hours,
When Spring shall lead them to her bowers ;

And we who grow

In joy or woe,

Must look for frosts as well as flowers.

LORD, WE ARE THANKFUL.

I.

LORD! we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light.
For alternation of the night,
For place in Thy infinity,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

II.

For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cloud and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

III.

For beauty and delight of sound,
That float Thy universe around ;
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For music of the earth and sea,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

IV.

For daily toil that we endure,
For labour's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,

For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

V.

For fellowship with human kind,
For pure emotions of the mind,
For Joy, that were not joy sincere,
Unless for Sorrow's previous tear;
For Hope, and Love, and Sympathy,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

VI.

For Conscience, and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break Thy law,
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom, mighty as benign,
For all we are, and hope to be,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.



TEARS.

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

O YE tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart,—thawing, thawing, like
the snow;
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snow-drops
spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses
sing.

II.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! I am thankful that ye run ;
 Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in
 the sun.

The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
 And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of
 all.

III.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! till I felt you on my cheek,
 I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak.
 Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand
 erect and free,

And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

IV.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! ye relieve me of my pain ;
 The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again :
 Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning
 sand,

It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

V.

There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my
 heart,

And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
 Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long
 ago—

O ye tears ! happy tears ! I am thankful that ye flow !

FORBEARANCE.

I.

WHY should we pluck the dewy rose
 That scents the early morn,
 Or strive to snare the happy bird
 That warbles on the thorn?
 We'll leave the flower to woo the sun,
 The free bird in the air;
 And walk through pleasures, grasping none,
 Repaid if we forbear.

II.

When scorners scorn, or foes revile,
 Or friends look dark and shy,
 We'll neither give them scorn for scorn,
 Nor pass them coldly by;
 We'll check the storm of rising pride,
 And keep a temper fair,—
 Warn'd by the Angel at our side,
 That whispers to forbear.

III.

And should the foe who did us wrong
 Lie powerless in our hands,
 We'll think no more of evil done,
 To shame him where he stands.
 We'll strive to act a nobler part,—
 We'll pity—hear—and spare;—
 And win an entrance to his heart,
 By all that we forbear.

A CRY FROM THE DEEP WATERS.

I.

FROM the deep and troubled waters
Comes the cry ;
Wild are the waves around me—
Dark the sky :
There is no hand to pluck me
From the sad death I die.

II.

To one small plank, that fails me,
Clinging low,
I am dash'd by angry billows
To and fro ;
I hear death-anthems ringing
In all the winds that blow.

III.

A cry of suffering gushes
From my lips,
As I behold the distant
White-sail'd ships
O'er the dark waters gleaming
Where the horizon dips.

IV.

They pass ;—they are too lofty
 And remote,
 They cannot see the spaces
 Where I float.
 The last hope dies within me,
 With the gasping in my throat.

V.

Through dim cloud-vistas looking,
 I can see
 The new moon's crescent sailing
 Pallidly :
 And one star coldly shining
 Upon my misery.

VI.

There are no sounds in Nature
 But my moan,
 The shriek of the wild petrel
 All alone,
 And roar of waves exulting
 To make my flesh their own.

VII.

Billow with billow rages,
 Tempest-trod ;
 Strength fails me ; coldness gathers
 On this clod :
 From the deep and troubled waters
 I cry to *Thee*, my God !

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

I.

DIE ! flowerets, die !
Fade ! leaves of summer, fade !
Thus on the ground I strew
Red rose and violet blue,
Emblems on earth to lie
Of all my wasted love, and all my hopes decay'd.

II.

Fair as the rose
My youth put on its bloom ;
But like these rose-leaves wan,
Its joys have come and gone,
And from their withering flows
No fragrance after death to sanctify their tomb.

III.

Hope was a flower
Fairer, ye buds, than you ;
But Hope—so sweet and bright—
Has shrivell'd in the blight
That smote its vernal hour,
Nor Spring, nor all its balms, its freshness may renew.

IV.

And Love, young Love,—
 Fairer than all the rest !
 It blossom'd at my feet,
 And with its odours sweet
 Made rich the air above ;
 I pluck'd it where it grew, and wore it on my breast.

V.

But woe is me !
 Hid in that chalice fair
 A poisonous aspic crept,
 That stung me when I slept,
 And fill'd with agony
 The bosom that ne'er dreamt to find such traitor there.

VI.

Die, flowerets, all !
 Fade, leaflets, on my heart !
 Joy withers where it rose,
 Hope's fading eyelids close,
 And Love's sweet blossoms fall ;—
 The light of Life is dim, and all its blooms depart.

THE GIANT.

I.

THERE came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scow'd and frown'd; he shook the ground :—
I trembled through and through ;—
At length I look'd him in the face
And cried :—" Who cares for you ?"

II.

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turn'd blue as skies,
He whisper'd soft and low.
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

III.

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanish'd quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such Giants come to strike us dumb—
But weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

THE MAGIC HARP.

I.

AMID the trailing willows,
By a deep dark stream,
That heaved its restless billows
In the moon's pale beam,
A golden harp was hung,
By magic fingers strung,
That to the winds made music
Sweet as angels dream.

II.

A stranger heard it sighing
In a soft sad tone,
As if to Heaven replying,
And the starry zone ;
And struck th' enchanted strings,
As the air is struck with wings,
Till music fell like roses
By the autumn blown.

III.

Alas ! the hand that woke them
Was too rude and strong ;
The touch that thrill'd them, broke them
In a mournful song.
The golden strings were crush'd,
Their harmonies were hush'd,
In one wild burst of sadness
Sounding far and long.

IV.

The earth, the air, the ocean,
All that live and move,
With ever-fond emotion,
To repair them strove ;
But still the task was vain
To attune the harp again,
And deep reproachful silence
Fill'd that haunted grove.

V.

Alas ! O thoughtless stranger,
Long shall we deplore
The harp, unfearing danger,
That such music bore.
Weep ! for thou'st slain a joy,
Thou melancholy boy !—
The music shall delight us
Never more ! never more !



THE EMIGRANTS,

A Series of Songs for a Musical Entertainment.



I.—THE PARTING TEAR.

I.

FAREWELL, a last farewell,
 Land where our fathers dwell,
 More dear by parting made,
 Where we as children play'd,
 In meadows gath'ring flow'rs,
 And pass'd our happiest hours.
 Here on the beach we stand,
 Our home, our native land,
 And weep to think our feet shall tread thy shore,
 And our sad eyes behold thee, never more.

II.

Farewell, ye hills and streams,
 We'll see you in our dreams;
 Each well-remember'd scene,
 The oak-trees on the green,
 The lowly cottage fire,
 The tapering village spire,
 And every little mound
 Grass-grown, on holy ground,
 Where sleep in death the friends whom we deplore;—
 Farewell for ever! we return no more.

III.

No more! no more! our eyes
 Grow dim with tears, that rise
 Deep from the bursting heart,
 To know that we depart,
 And that the looks we cast
 So fondly are the last.
 Farewell, O native land!
 A melancholy band,
 We long to go, yet linger on the shore,—
 Farewell for ever! we return no more!

II.—CHEER, BOYS! CHEER!

I.

CHEER, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
 Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day!
 So farewell, England! Much as we may love thee,
 We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
 Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
 So farewell, England! farewell evermore!
 Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother
 England!
 Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong
 right hand,
 Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for
 honest labour—
 Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and
 happy land.

II.

Cheer, boys ! cheer ! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast ;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,
And boundless prairies ripe with golden grain.

Cheer, boys ! cheer ! for England, mother
England !

Cheer, boys ! cheer ! united heart and
hand !—

Cheer, boys ! cheer ! there's wealth for
honest labour—

Cheer, boys ! cheer !—in the new and
happy land !

III.—FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

I.

FAR, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather young and old ;
And view the flapping sail,
Spreading out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold :
Or watch the waves that glide
By the stately vessel's side,

And the wild sea-birds that follow through the air.
 Or we gather in a ring,
 And with cheerful voices sing,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

II.

Far, far upon the sea,
 With the sunshine on our lee,
 We talk of pleasant days when we were young,
 And remember, though we roam,
 The sweet melodies of home—
 The songs of happy childhood which we sung.
 And though we quit her shore,
 To return to it no more,
 Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall bear;
 That "Britons rule the waves,"
 "And never shall be slaves."
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

III.

Far, far upon the sea,
 Whate'er our country be,
 The thought of it shall cheer us as we go.
 And Scotland's sons shall join,
 In the song of "Auld lang Syne,"
 With voice by memory soften'd, clear and low.
 And the men of Erin's Isle,
 Battling sorrow with a smile,
 Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void of care;
 And thus we pass the day,
 As we journey on the way;—
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

IV.—LAND! LAND!

I.

LAND! Land! Land!

The dangers of the deep are past,
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailors' welcome cry :

Land! land! land!

Oh! joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again!
And hark! the church-bells pealing clear
From spire and turret looming near,
As if they rang so loud and free
To bid us welcome o'er the sea.

II.

Land! land! land!

The cry makes every heart rejoice;
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long-sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil?

Land! land! land!

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home;
And sleep at night, and never dread
That morn shall see us wanting bread.

III.

Land ! land ! land !

We've pass'd together o'er the sea,
 In storm and sunshine, comrades we ;
 But ere we part we'll gather round,
 And shout with one accord the sound :

Land ! land ! land !

The land of rivers broad and deep,
 The land where he who sows may reap ;
 The land where, if we ploughmen will,
 We may possess the fields we till ;
 So gather all, and shout once more,
 The land ! The land ! Hurrah for shore !

V.—TO THE WEST ! TO THE WEST !

I.

To the West ! to the West ! to the land of the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
 Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
 Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
 Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast ;
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
 Away, far away, to the Land of the West !

II.

To the West ! to the West ! where the rivers that flow,
Run thousand of miles, spreading out as they go ;
Where the green waving forests that echo our call,
Are wide as old England, and free to us all :
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have
roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old ;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West !

III.

To the West ! to the West ! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done :
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, and breath in the
air.
The bold independence that labour shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh.
Away ! far away ! let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the Land of the West !

VI.—THE PIONEERS.

I.

ROUSE ! brothers rouse ! we've far to travel,
Free as the winds we love to roam,
Far through the prairie, far through the forest,
Over the mountains we'll find a home.

We cannot breathe in crowded cities,
 We're strangers to the ways of trade ;
 We long to feel the grass beneath us,
 And ply the hatchet and the spade.

II.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands
 Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn ;
 Needing our presence, courting our labour ;—
 Why should we linger like men forlorn ?
 We love to hear the ringing rifle,
 The smiting axe, the falling tree ;—
 And though our life be rough and lonely,
 If it be honest, what care we ?

III.

Fair elbow-room for men to thrive in !
 Wide elbow-room for work or play !
 If cities follow, tracing our footsteps,
 Ever to westward shall point our way !
 Rude though our life, it suits our spirit,
 And new-born States in future years
 Shall own us founders of a nation—
 And bless the hardy Pioneers.

VII.—SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

I.

I LEFT my Love in England,
In poverty and pain ;
The tears hung heavy in my eyes,
But hers came down like rain.
I gave her half of all I had,
Repress'd the rising sigh ;
For thinking of the days to come,
I kept my courage high.
Farewell ! I said ; if seasons pass,
And sunshine follows rain,
And morning dawns on darkest night,
You'll see me back again.

II.

I left my Love in England,
And sail'd the stormy sea,
To earn my bread by daily toil,
An honest man and free.
I wrought and strove from morn to night,
And saved my little store ;
And every summer gave me wealth,
And made the little more.
At length I bought the field I plough'd,
The sunshine follow'd rain ;
The morning dawn'd on heavy night,
And I went back again.

III.

I sought my Love in England,
 And brought her o'er the sea ;
 A happy man, a happy wife,
 To bless my home and me.
 My farm is large, my wants are small ;
 I bid my care depart,
 And sit beneath my own oak-tree,
 With proud, yet grateful heart.
 The children smiling round the board,
 Ne'er ask for bread in vain ;
 'Tis balmy morning after night,
 'Tis sunshine after rain !

VIII.—WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

I.

REJOICE, my son ! rejoice !
 That thou'rt a child to-day,
 And not, as I, a full-grown man,
 With hair that's growing gray.
 The world is in its youth,
 And bad although it be,
 It shall be better for my son
 Than e'er it was for me.
 New arts, new thoughts, new hopes,
 O'er all the earth have smiled,
 Since the bygone days, long, long ago
 When I was a little child.

II.

Ere yet my years were ten,
A weary lot was mine ;
I wrought in coal-pits, damp and cold,
And knew no summer shine.
I never saw the sun
But on the Sabbath-day ;
I knew not how to read, and write,
And was not taught to pray.
I never roam'd the field,
Or pluck'd the flow'rets wild,
Or had one innocent delight,
When I was a little child.

III.

But thou ! my new-born son,
Art come in happier hours ;
And thou shalt flourish in the light,
And carol in the bowers.
Thou shalt enjoy the breath
Of Spring-time and the morn,
And learn to bless with grateful heart
The day that thou wert born.
For thee shall knowledge spread
Her book with treasures piled,
And tenderest love shall guide thy steps,
Whilst thou art a little child.

IX.—THE CANADIAN SLEIGH SONG.

I.

THE snow lies deep upon the ground,
The north wind howls on high,
The mountain-tops stand white and clear
Against the dark blue sky ;
The swamp is solid as the rock,
The river flows no more ;
And lakes are bridged by iron ice
To bear us from the shore.
The roughest roads are smooth as lawns,
Bring out the merry sleigh ;
Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
Away we go, away !

II.

The farmer and the farmer's wife
Sit by the fire at home,
And as they hear the piping blast,
They pity those who roam.
But we find pleasure out of doors,
And fear no wild wind's wrath ;
And, swift as swallows o'er the pool,
We cleave ourselves a path.
There's fresh delight in rapid flight,
Bring out the merry sleigh ;
Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
Away we go, away !

III.

Five hundred miles our course we'll keep,
 And though the way be long,
 We'll find a welcome at the end,—
 A welcome and a song.
 Around our father's cheerful hearth
 The Yule-log sparkles bright,
 And happy faces gather there
 To spend the Christmas-night.
 We'll join them ere the week be old,
 Bring out the flying sleigh !
 Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
 Away we go, away !

X.—DOWN WITH THEM.

I.

DOWN with them ! down with the lords of the forest !
 Down to the earth with each high-spreading tree !
 Proud as they stand,
 They shall yield to my hand,
 To build up a home for my children and me.
 Kings of the wilderness, ancient and hoary,
 Old when Columbus set foot on the shore,
 I breathe with the winds a last sigh for their glory,
 The pride of a land they must cumber no more.

II.

Man, the new monarch, decrees they must perish,—
 Everything crumbles to timely decay ;
 Cities and towns,
 Mighty sceptres and crowns,
 Flourish and glitter—and vanish away.
 Down with them, down ! it is dark in their shadow,
 Gloomy and chill in the light of the morn ;
 We've need of their place for the grass of the meadow,
 We've need of the sunshine to ripen the corn.

III.

Long have they harbour'd the 'coon or the savage,
 But Change is the master of great and of small ;—
 Down let them lie,
 Though so mighty and high,—
 Merry's the music that rings to their fall !
 Sweet human voices shall sound through the good land
 Where the wolf howl'd, and the fox wander'd free ;—
 Down to the earth with the lords of the woodland !
 Down to the earth with each high-spreading tree !

XI.—UP THE STREAM ! THROUGH THE WOOD !

I.

UP the stream ! through the wood ! Winter is past,
 Hush'd is the cold angry voice of the blast ;
 Soft blow the breezes, and bright shines the day ;
 The fountains are gushing, the roses are blushing,
 And rivers are rushing ; away, lads, away !

Unruffled and blue, with the light on her breast,
Lake Erie lies calm, like an ocean at rest.
So gather, make ready, with rifle and bow,
And up the stream! through the woods! row, my
lads, row!

II.

Up the stream, through the wood, thousands of miles!
Breasting the rapids, and rounding the isles;
Ours is the wilderness, come when we may,
Teeming with treasure, and all for our pleasure,—
Our pleasure and profit; away, lads, away!
The nuggets we find are the squirrel and coon,
The beaver and white wolf that howls to the moon;
So gather, make ready, with rifle and bow,
And up the stream! through the woods! row, my
lads, row!

III.

Up the stream, through the wood, hardy and bold,—
'Twould curb our free souls to go digging for gold;
There's wealth in the forest—black, white, brown, and
gray;
Our sport is to find it, and danger—who'd mind it?
'Tis danger gives pleasure—away, lads, away!
The full-bosom'd rivers flow merrily on;
The summer is short, 'tis our time to be gone;
So gather, make ready, with rifle and bow,
And up the stream! through the woods! row, my
lads, row!

XII.—LONG PARTED HAVE WE BEEN.

I.

LONG parted have we been,
 With an ocean wide between,
 Since the weary day we left them on our good old
 English shore,
 And we took a last farewell to return to them no more.
 But they're coming, coming, coming,
 They are coming with the flowers,
 They are coming with the summer,
 To this new land of ours :
 And we'll all forget our sadness,
 And shake their hands with gladness,
 And bid them joyous welcome to this new land of ours.

II.

How often have we pray'd
 They were here, both youth and maid,
 The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers fond and
 true,
 To share our better fortune, and all the joys we knew.
 And they're coming, coming, coming,
 They are coming with the flowers,
 They are coming with the summer,
 To this new land of ours :
 And we'll give them cordial greeting,
 And have a merry meeting,
 And a day of true rejoicing in this new land of ours.

III.

In all our happiness
There seem'd a joy the less,
When we look'd around and miss'd them from the fire-
side's cheerful glow—
The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago.
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours :
It needs but their embraces,
And all their smiling faces,
To make us quite contented in this new land of ours.



ENGLAND, DEAR ENGLAND.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

WHERE is the slave who, of England despairing,
Aids not her cause when she summons her sons?
Where is the knave who, when foemen are daring,
Parleys for safety, or crouches and runs?
England ne'er grew them,
Her soil never knew them,
Wholesome's the earth in our isle of the sea.
Our maidens would flout them,
Our children would scout them,
We'd hoot them with scorn from our land of the free.

II.

England, dear England, our fathers before us
Bled for thy freedom, and left us their fame!
England our darling! the mothers who bore us
Gave us their blessing entwined with thy name!
Ours be the glory
To better thy story,
Lofty and pure be thy banner unfurl'd.
If great we receive thee,
Still greater we'll leave thee,
England, dear England, the Queen of the world.

THE GLORY OF THE FLAG.

I.

RAISE high the flag of England!
The meteor of the fight!
That never flash'd on battle-field
Except to lead the right;
That never graced the triumphs
Of tyrants o'er their hosts,
Or carried Rapine and Revenge
To unoffending coasts.
Unfurl it high
In purity,
The flag without a stain;
That we men,
The free men,
May swear by it again!

II.

Wherever it has floated,
Upon the sea or land,
Has Trade, the world-adorning, stretch'd
Her civilizing hand;
And Enterprise has ventured
Her argosies high piled;
And Science strew'd the earth with flowers,
And kindly Knowledge smiled.
For deeds like these,
O'er land and seas

Our flag has been unfurl'd ;
 And we men
 The free men,
 Can boast them to the world.

III.

Be these thy triumphs ever,
 Oh, banner of our sires !
 May never War unfurl thy cross,
 To gleam above her fires ;
 May civil strife ne'er plant thee
 Upon the plain or hill ;
 But Peace, Discovery, Love, and Joy
 Exalt and wave thee still.
 O'er smiling downs
 And prosperous towns
 Float proudly, as of yore !
 That we men
 The free men,
 May love thee evermore !

IV.

Yet, if a tyrant urge us
 To vindicate the right,
 How great so'er his power and fame,
 We'll raise thee in the fight.
 Our sons shall see thee flashing,
 And conquer in the van—
 Shall rival Alma's gory field,
 And nobler Inkermann !
 Whate'er they do,
 The brave and true,

Thy fame shall flourish fair ;
 And no man
 A foeman
 Shall touch thee—if he dare !



WEARY WARFARE.

I.

ALL nature takes the part
 Of the sorrow in my heart—
 Takes the voice of my lamenting all the night and all
 the day !
 I hear a sweet bird singing,
 On a branch of willow swinging,
 And evermore, for evermore, the sad song seems to say :
 “ Oh ! worthless are the laurels
 “ To be gained in kingly quarrels,
 “ And the phantom glory gather'd in the death-fields
 of the fray.”

II.

The passing west-wind grieves
 As it rustles 'mid the leaves—
 I cannot close my fancy to its low incessant moan ;
 Against my casement beating,
 Still the rain-drops keep repeating—
 And evermore, for evermore, the one desponding tone :
 “ Oh ! day of desolation,
 “ When nation wars with nation,
 “ When homes and hearts are broken, and realms are
 overthrown.”

III.

The trumpet's boasting voice,
 Bidding multitudes rejoice,
 Speaks of murder, not of glory, and of death, not
 victory.

The joy-bells loudly pealing
 But awake the same sad feeling ;
 And evermore, for evermore, seem sounding mournfully,
 " O battles red and gory !
 " A melancholy glory,
 " O weary weary warfare, that steals my love from me !"



MOURN FOR THE MIGHTY DEAD.

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

MOURN for the mighty dead,
 Mourn for the spirit fled,
 Mourn for the lofty head—

Low in the grave !
 Tears such as nations weep
 Hallow the hero's sleep ;
 Calm be his rest, and deep,—
 Arthur the brave !

II.

Nobly his work was done ;
 England's most glorious son—
 True-hearted Wellington,
 Shield of our laws !

Ever in peril's night
 Heaven send such arm of might—
 Guardian of Truth and Right,—
 Raised in their cause !

III.

Dried be the tears that fall ;
 Love bears the warrior's pall,
 Fame shall his deeds recall—
 Britain's right hand !
 Bright shall his memory be !
 Star of supremacy !
 Banner of Victory !
 Pride of our land !



STREW ROSES—GATHER GARLANDS.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

STREW roses—gather garlands fair ;
 To bind the victors' brows bring laurels bright :
 And let a nation's voice declare
 Their high reward who conquer'd in the right !
 At duty's call the deed was done,
 Each blow they struck was Freedom won :
 While Britain stands,
 Our happy lands
 Shall tell their names and bless them, sire and son.

II.

As long as England's banner flies,
 Their gallant deeds our grateful youth shall tell ;
 And British maids, with beaming eyes,
 Shall sing the song of those who fought and fell.
 As long as in our hearts shall glow
 The ancient fire, their fame shall show
 What built our state
 And made us great,
 And what, though foes combine, shall keep us so.



THOUGH SAD WAS OUR PARTING.

I.

THOUGH sad was our parting, his courage was high,
 And he bade us farewell with a smile and a sigh :
 'Twas Duty that led him, her light was his star,
 And a pathway of glory allured him afar ;
 And we knew that whatever his joy or his pain,
 His heart would be with us in England again.

II.

The love that we bore him was warm and sincere,
 And our hope for his welfare was dark with our fear.
 Alas ! for the flower that was gather'd so soon !
 Alas ! for the light that was quench'd in its noon !
 The world may forget him, but we shall deplore,
 And cherish his name in our hearts evermore.

WHO'D RATHER BE OPPRESS'D THAN FIGHT?

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

I.

WHO'D rather be oppress'd than fight?
 Low, low, low, let him lie!
 Let him feed among the sheep
 Where the meadow-waters creep,
 Growing fat till the danger's nigh.
 Not for him or such as he
 To hold council with the free;
 Let him browse while the wolf is in its den;—
 And thank his happy fate,
 When the foe is at the gate,
 That he lives in the sight of men.

II.

Who'd purchase peace at honour's loss?
 Low, low, low, let him lie!
 He was born to be a slave;
 His own soul his fetters gave;
 He's a fool for a knave to buy.
 Not for him a word to breathe
 When the brave their swords unsheathe,
 And Peril calls to Duty, saying "Come!"
 In the council he'd betray,
 In the fight he'd run away;
 Let him grovel in the dirt and be dumb.

III.

Who values honour more than life?
 High, high, high, let him stand!
 We have need of such as he,
 The defenders of the free,—
 The glory and the pride of the land.
 When a coward sues for peace,
 Though awhile the war may cease,
 'Tis but respite that he begs from the strong;
 But the peace that heroes gain,
 In the fiery battle-plain,
 Shall defy the world to break it—in the wrong.



THE JOY-BELL AND THE REQUIEM.

[Music by FRANK MOBI.]

I.

RING the joy-bells, chime on chime!
 Sound the peal from shore to shore;
 Steadfast, dauntless, and sublime,
 England conquers as of yore.
 And let the people's voice
 O'er all the land rejoice,
 That in the great immortal fight,
 The glorious living and the dead,
 For Freedom arm'd, for Justice bled,
 And conquer'd in the right.

II.

Sound the requiem, loud and clear!
 England weeps her children slain,
 Mourns, with sympathy sincere,
 Heroes lost, but not in vain.

And let the solemn peal
 A nation's grief reveal :
 Yet be the tears of sorrow dried ;—
 We owe their babes a glorious debt ;
 And grief is vain if it forget
 The claims of those who died.

III.

Ring the joy-bells, light the blaze !
 And let the deep-voiced cannon roar !
 Join all hands in prayer and praise,
 England conquers as of yore.
 On red Oppression's grave
 She liberates the slave ;—
 She aids the weak, she curbs the strong ;
 She arms ;—and hopeful nations pray ;
 She arms—she fights—she wins the day ;—
 And Right succeeds to Wrong.



ENGLAND AND FRANCE ;—1855.

[Music by Mrs. JOSEPH KIRKMAN.]

I.

Who dare disturb the lands,
 Arming their felon bands,
 Lifting their blood-red hands ?
 Let them advance !
 Two mighty states combined,
 Both of one heart and mind,
 Combat for humankind,—
 England and France.

II.

Friends of the rightful cause,
Guardians of Europe's laws ;—
Guilt in its schemes shall pause,
 Awed by your glance.
Where your twin banners wave,
Freedom shall bless the slave ;—
Glory shall crown the brave,—
 England and France.

III.

Foes of our peace and right,
Tempt not the useless fight,
Vain is your arm of might,—
 Vain, sword and lance ;—
True hearts repeat the cry,
England and Liberty !
England and Victory !
 England and France !



ENGLAND OVER ALL.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

LITTLE England! great in story!
 Mother of immortal men!
 Great in courage! great in glory!
 Dear to Freedom's tongue and pen!
 If the world combine to brave thee,
 English hearts will dare the fight—
 English hands will glow to save thee,
 Strong for England and the right!
 England over all,
 Whatsoe'er befall!
 If we live or die,
 This shall be our cry—
 England over all!

II.

Weaker nations, over-zealous,
 May desire thine overthrow!
 Selfish tyrants, vainly jealous,
 May conspire to strike thee low.
 Let them strive with armies banded,
 Let them plot with fool and knave,
 England, strong, and single-handed,
 Shall defy them to enslave!
 England over all,
 Whatsoe'er befall!

If we live or die,
 This shall be our cry—
 England over all!

III.

England first in art and science,
 First in letters, first in fame—
 Earth's example and reliance,
 Free and worthy of the name.
 Realms, the light of freedom spurning,
 Rise and fall and pass away;
 England, with that lantern burning,
 Stands superior to decay.
 England over all,
 Whatso'er befall!
 If we live or die,
 This shall be our cry—
 England over all!



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

FIRM as England's coast,
 When the tempests blow,
 Stood the British line,
 And foil'd the advancing foe.
 The fierce Napoleon sigh'd to win the day,
 But Wellington was calm—the master of the fray.

He saw the time had come,—
 Blow trumpets! beat the drum!—
 And when the order flew
 Like light o'er Waterloo,
 And the great immortal strife begun :
 " Now be brief,"
 Said the chief ;
 " We'll excel all the deeds we have done ;—
 Follow me,
 You shall see
 How the battle should be fought and won!"

II.

Ney and all his men,
 Never known to fail,
 Fled in sudden rout,
 Like storms of rattling hail.
 The old Imperial Guard—Napoleon's boast—
 Dissolved before the shock of the mighty British host ;
 And Blucher, found at last,
 Came sweeping like a blast.
 The knell of France had peal'd ;
 The Frenchmen fled the field ;
 The great Napoleon saw he was undone ;—
 " Follow me!"
 Then said he ;
 " All is lost!—they are coming!—let us run!
 Sauvons-nous!
 They pursue!
 And the battle has been lost and won!"

III.

Thus the fight was fought,
 Not for vain renown,
 Not for sake of war,
 Or mad ambition's crown ;
 But for the sake of peace, unknown so long,
 To give the world repose from tyranny and wrong.
 And thus for evermore,
 Unconquer'd as before,
 May Britain stand her ground,
 And Wellingtons be found
 To wave her glorious banner to the sun ;
 And to lead,
 When we need,
 Crying, " Englishmen ! the strife has begun !
 Follow me !
 You shall see
 How the battle should be fought and won ! "



OUR SWORDS ARE SHEATHED.

I.

OUR swords are sheathed,
 The flag droops idly down,
 Our shields are laurel-wreathed—
 There's peace in bower and town.
 But should a foreign tyrant
 Insult us where we stand,

Or foes invade, we'll draw the blade,
 And sweep them from the land.
 Bless'd are our swords, if Justice
 Have made them keen and strong,
 But shame shall be their portion,
 Who battle in the wrong.

II.

Our fame and might
 Have rung throughout the world,
 And ever in the right
 Our flag has been unfurl'd.
 And if our foes, forgetful,
 Should tempt our guardian wave,
 We'll find for each, upon the beach,
 Destruction and a grave.
 So let them come!—we care not!
 'Tis Freedom makes us strong;
 And shame shall be their portion
 Who battle in the wrong!



DERWENTWATER.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

SWEET lake of the mountains! how happy was I
 When life's sunny morn had no cloud on its sky,
 And I roam'd with my love on thy beautiful shore,
 To hear the deep music that gush'd from Lodore!

II.

We sail'd on thy waters, rejoicing alone,
 Or trod thy green islands, and call'd them our own,
 And built, 'mid the hills that encircle thy breast,
 A bower and a home in the wilds of the West.

III.

But sorrow has darken'd the noon of our day,
 And peril and doubt have encompass'd our way ;
 My heart's only love in captivity lies,
 And thy glory, O Derwent! is dimm'd in mine eyes.

IV.

Sad lake of the mountains, through dangers I roam,
 With a pang in my heart and a blight on my home,
 To dream of the joys that shall bless me no more,
 And mingle my sighs with the moan of Lodore.



TELL ME, OH TELL ME.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

TELL me, oh tell me, Rose of the morn,
 What whispers the dew on thy breast ;
 Tell me, oh tell me, blossoming Thorn,
 Thy vows to the wind of the west.
 Soft flowing River, seeking the sea,
 What saith the moonlight sleeping on thee ?
 "Love!" said the Rose and the Hawthorn of May!
 And "Love," said the River, "for ever and aye!"

II.

Tell me, oh tell me, Blush on her cheek,
 What makes thee as red as the rose ;
 Tell me, oh tell, for I know ye can speak,
 Sweet Smiles, what your meanings disclose.
 Eyes of my dear one ! stars of my night !
 What is your secret, beaming with light ?
 "Love !" said the Blush and the Smile that she wore ;
 And "Love," said the dark Eyes, "true Love ever-
 more !"



THE CHEERFUL HEART.

I.

THOUGH Love may claim the sweetest song,
 And bards the tender strain prolong ;
 Though Friendship evermore inspire
 The answering echoes of the lyre ;
 Still a theme remains to sing,
 Fair as sunshine, fresh as spring,
 Rainbow seen when storms depart,—
 The charm of life, the Cheerful Heart.

II.

Should Love grow cold, or Friendship wane,
 'Tis this can win them back again ;
 And Hatred, in its own despite,
 Will yield and soften in its light.

Still around our path it throws
 Bloom and balm and budding rose,
 Warmth amid the winter showers,
 And honey to the summer flowers.

III.

And happy shall his portion be,
 Whatever sorrows he may see,
 Who, when his daily toils are o'er,
 Shall meet this blessing at his door,
 Finding still, where'er he roam,
 Kindest welcome at his home ;
 Fortune's shield, life's better part—
 The loving and the cheerful heart.



WHY DO I LOVE THEE?

WHY do I love thee? Lips that would tell thee
 Would lose more sweet employ ;
 My grief hath a reason,
 My pain hath a season,
 But not my love or joy.
 Ask the stream why it flows,
 Ask the wind why it blows,
 Or the bird why it sings on the tree ;
 And if they reply, love,
 I'll tell thee, or try, love,
 My reasons for loving thee.

DIFFERENCES.

I.

THE king can drink the best of wine ;
 So can I :
 And has enough when he would dine—
 So have I ;
 He cannot order rain or shine ;
 Nor can I.
 Then, where's the difference—let me see—
 Betwixt my lord the king and me ?

II.

Do trusty friends surround his throne
 Night and day ?
 Or make his interest their own ?
 No—not they :—
 Mine love me for myself alone,
 Bless'd be they !
 And that's one difference which I see,
 Betwixt my lord the king and me.

III.

Do knaves around me lie in wait,
 Or fawn and flatter when they hate
 And would grieve ?
 Do cruel pomps oppress my state
 By my leave ?
 No ! Heaven be thank'd ! and here you see
 More difference 'twixt the king and me !

IV.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
 When he'd play ;
He has his armies and his ships—
 Great are they !
But not a child to kiss his lips,
 Well-a-day !
And that's one difference, sad to see,
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

V.

I wear the cap and he the crown ;—
 What of that ?
I sleep on straw and he on down ;—
 What of that ?
And he's the king and I'm the clown ;—
 What of that ?
If happy I,—and wretched he,—
Perhaps the king would change with me !



SORROWS ;

OR,

THE STONE, THE CLOD, AND THE HARP.

I.

In spring or summer sleeps the Stone
 All night, all morrow,—
 When falls the snow, or storms are blown,
 It feels no sorrow ;—
 Calm on the teeming soil it lies,
 Untroubled by the earth or skies—
 Oh, happy Stone, devoid of sorrow !

II.

In rain or sunshine lies the Clod,
 The child of sorrow ;
 Bearing to-day the gifts of God ;—
 Cut down to-morrow ;
 Feeling the joy of summer flowers,
 The pain of winter frost and showers ;—
 Oh, luckless Clod, alive to sorrow !

III.

But oh ! the delicate golden Harp
 A quiverer thoro' !
 Through all its woof one finger-warp
 May weave shrill sorrow ;—
 It feels the ray of sun or moon,
 The breeze can jar it out of tune ;—
 Oh, mournful Harp, that throbs to sorrow !

IV.

But rather than the Stone, unworn
 By night or morrow,
 I'd be the Clod that bears the corn,
 And suffers sorrow ;
 Or, better still, the Harp, whose strains
 Have countless joys as well as pains—
 Oh, passionate Harp of Joy and Sorrow !



THE EVENINGS.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

IN the Summer Evening,
 When the winds blew low,
 And the skies were radiant
 With the sunset's glow,
 Thou and I were happy,
 Long, long years ago.
 Love, the young and hopeful,
 Hover'd o'er us twain,—
 Fill'd us with sad pleasure
 And delicious pain ;
 In the Summer Evenings,
 Wandering in the lane.

II.

In the Winter Evenings,
 When the wild winds roar,
 Blustering at the chimney,
 Piping at the door,
 Thou and I are happy
 As in days of yore.
 Love still hovers o'er us,
 Robed in white attire,
 Drawing heavenly music
 From an earthly lyre ;
 In the Winter Evenings,
 Sitting by the fire.



LADY VAIN.

I.

COME hither, hither, Lady Vain,
 And learn a truth from me,—
 It is not every acorn
 That grows into a tree ;
 It is not every rain-drop
 That falls into the sea,
 Nor every fawning flatterer
 Who has a heart for thee.

II.

Come hither, hither, Lady Vain,
 So blithe and debonair,—
 It is not every blossom
 That decks a maiden's hair ;
 It is not every whisper
 That may the truth declare,
 Nor every fool who tells thee so,
 Who loves thee to despair.



SCEPTRE, CROWN, AND THRONE.

I.

WHAT is a sceptre, but a staff,
 Though not so long as mine by half?
 And I've a staff, a friend to me ;—
 I cut it from the blackthorn tree.
 No gold or jewels round it flaunt,—
 'Tis all the sceptre that I want ;
 So let the king enjoy his own,
 I doubt it costs him many a groan ;—
 Mine, not so,
 That I know ;
 As free from splendour as from care ;—
 Despise my sceptre, if you dare !

II.

And what's a crown, if not a cap,—
A cumbrous, heavy thing, mayhap?
And I've a cap of easy size,
That shields my head, and shades mine eyes;
A fence around my whole estate,
Wherein no lurking traitors wait.
So let the king enjoy his crown,
And line it well with fur and down,
 Sparkling bright
 In the light,
'Twill seam his forehead deep with care;—
Despise my fur-cap, if you dare!

III.

And what's a throne, if not a seat
Too high for love to reach its feet?
And I've a chair at my fireside,
That's made for use, and not for pride.
Around its elbows, worn and old,
The children shake their locks of gold;
So let the king enjoy his throne,
Unloved, unloving, and alone.
 Come to me,
 If you'd see
An easy throne, a queen most fair;—
Despise my kingdom, if you dare!

OLD JOHN JENKINS.

I.

“Love is false !” said old John Jenkins ;
 “ False and selfish, proud and vain ;
 “ Brittle ice in age’s winter,
 “ In life’s summer storm and rain.”

II.

Jenkins, Jenkins, old John Jenkins,
 Milk grows sour, and so do you ;
 Jaundiced eyes make dark the sunshine,
 And discolour heaven’s true blue !

III.

“ Friendship cheats !” quoth old John Jenkins,—
 “ Shows its taper best by day ;
 “ Borrows money when you’re wealthy,
 “ When you’re needy flies away.”

IV.

Jenkins, Jenkins, old John Jenkins,
 Leave us Hope while life is new ;
 Memory fails or sense forsakes you—
 You’ve perverted all you knew !

V.

“ Fame’s the breath of foolish people ;
 “ Wine’s a headache, gold’s a snare ;
 “ Beauty plagues us, glory slays us ;
 “ Nothing’s good, and nothing’s fair.”

VI.

Jenkins, Jenkins, old John Jenkins,
You are rotten through and through ;
If this world have lost its flavour,
Try the next, you growler, do !



THE BLESSED RAIN.

MY love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain,
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took 'shelter with her in the lee
Of the wide, high-sprcading chestnut-tree,
And bless'd the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow-light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright"
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well!"
Oh, rain ! oh, rain !
Oh, blessed rain !
No sunshine ever shall come again,
So dear to me as that stormy rain !

THE IRON SHIP.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

SHE was not born 'mid rain or dew,
Nor in the sunshine ever grew ;
No lordly monarch of the wood
Fell in his glory where he stood,
 That she might flourish fair and free.
But down, a thousand fathoms down,
Where stretch the roots of mountains brown,
We drew the iron for her frame,
And built her up, 'mid smoke and flame,
 To sail, the mistress of the sea.

II.

The hammer fell, the anvil rung,
As she to shape and beauty sprung ;
In mimic lightnings she was nursed,
And cradled in their thunder-burst ;
 And now we launch her fair and free,
To brave alike the tempest-stroke,
And fire, that slays the "heart of oak ;"
The iron conqu'ror of the main,
May danger track her path in vain,
 The queen and glory of the sea !

FAREWELL TO THEE, ENGLAND.

I.

FAREWELL to thee, England ! oh, land of our birth,
 The pride and the glory and queen of the earth !
 We sail with sad hearts to a land far away,
 In search of the bread that may fail if we stay.
 New faces glow bright in the blaze of our fires,
 The stranger sits down in the halls of our sires.
 Farewell ! oh, farewell to thy beautiful shore !
 England ! dear England ! farewell evermore !

II.

We've courage to lead us ; there's strength in our
 hands ;
 There's wealth to be won in the far-distant lands ;
 For us and our children are acres to spare,
 And the name of our fathers forbids to despair.
 There are homes in the world for the honest and free,
 And kingdoms and empires to found o'er the sea.
 We quit not in anger thy beautiful shore ;
 'Tis with tears that we bid thee farewell evermore !

III.

Farewell ! oh, farewell ! In the land where we go
 Our heart's deep affection shall lighten our woe ;
 Thy manners, thy language, thy faith, and thy fame,
 Shall follow our footsteps, and flourish the same ;
 Thy virtues shall live in the songs that we sing,
 And the tales that we tell to thy glory shall cling.
 Farewell ! oh, farewell to thy time-hallow'd shore !
 England ! dear England ! farewell evermore !

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEE.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

FANNY array'd in the bloom of her beauty,
 Stood at the mirror and toy'd with her hair,
 Viewing her charms, till she felt it a duty
 To own that like Fanny no woman was fair.
 A bee from the garden,—oh, what could mislead
 him?—
 Stray'd through the lattice new dainties to seek,
 And lighting on Fanny, too busy to heed him,
 Stung the sweet maid on her delicate cheek.

II.

Smarting with pain, round the chamber she sought
 him,
 Tears in her eyes, and revenge in her heart,
 And angrily cried, when at last she had caught him,
 “Die for the deed, little wretch that thou art!”
 Stooping to crush him, the hapless offender
 Pray'd her for mercy,—to hear and forgive:
 “Oh, spare me!” he cried, “By those eyes in their
 “splendour;
 “Oh, pity my fault, and allow me to live!

III.

“Am I to blame that your cheeks are like roses,
 “Whose hues all the pride of the garden eclipse?
 “Lilies are hid in your mouth when it closes,
 “And odours of Araby breathe from your lips.”

Fanny relented :—“ ’Twere cruel to hurt you,—
 “ Small is the fault, pretty bee, you deplore ;
 “ And e’en were it greater, forgiveness is virtue ;—
 “ Go forth and be happy—I blame you no more.”



OVER THE WAY.

I.

WHEN cold-hearted Poverty knocks at my door,
 And robs me of blessings I gather’d before,
 Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
 And robes my dear Nelly in meaner attire,
 I envy sometimes in the heat of the day
 My very good friend who lives over the way.

II.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
 And count o’er the joys I was never denied,—
 My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
 My health and my conscience unsullied and free,—
 No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
 Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

III.

He’s wealthy but feeble, he’s titled but old ;
 His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold ;
 Suspicious of others, ill pleased with himself,
 His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
 Were he ten times as rich, I’d refuse, by my fay !
 To change with my friend who lives over the way.

IV.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
 I'll neither be beaten nor vainly deplore ;
 I'll scare him away by hard work if I can,
 And look in his face with the heart of a man ;
 And, hiving at home all the joys that I may,
 Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.



THE SEA SORROW.

I.

FAR away, far away, on the wide rolling billow,
 I dream of the fields and the bowers,
 Of the cottage at home, of my love's lonely pillow,
 And the children that sport 'mid the flowers.
 Day and night, sad at heart, on the ocean
 I sigh for the folly that caused me to roam ;
 Or I weep bitter tears of emotion,
 To think of the beauty and blessings of home.

II.

Nevermore, nevermore discontented I'll wander
 In search of the treacherous gold ;
 Safe at home let me rest, all the wiser and fonder,
 To watch my heart's treasures unfold.
 All the dreams of ambition are closing,—
 No more in the rays of the morning they shine ;
 From my toil and my travel reposing,
 The calm light of duty shall gild my decline.

JONES.

I.

WE sit round the table and pour out the wine,
 Transforming our crystals to rubies divine;
 Then drain them to Freedom, to Friendship, to
 Worth,
 And think ourselves great as the kings of the
 earth ;
 When Jones, interrupting, says, " Drinking's a sin,
 " And headache and heartache are drawn from the
 " bin."
 Fill the goblet again, not with cheers, but with
 groans : —
 Get out of our sunshine, ridiculous Jones !

II.

I read the sweet letter my love sent to me,
 Enclosing a rose from a land o'er the sea ;
 I press to my fond lips a curl of her hair,
 And own that she's loving and good as she's fair ;
 When Jones, interrupting, says, " Love's a mistake,
 " And women but play with men's hearts till they
 " break."
 I answer, " Why not, if they're bloodless as stones ?—
 " Get out of my sunshine, detestable Jones !"

III.

My heart glows with hope for the welfare of man ;
 I pray for my fellows, and help when I can ;
 I see through the distance of ages to be,
 The many, grown wiser, made happy and free ;

When Jones, interrupting, says, "Man is a knave ;
 " And, if not a tyrant, a fool or a slave."
 I answer, "There's kind human flesh on my bones ;—
 " Get out of my sunshine, cadaverous Jones !"



LONG-PARTED FRIENDS.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

LONG-PARTED friends, when far away,
 We thought upon you many a day ;
 And when the wine in healths was pour'd,
 We miss'd your faces at the board.
 When the laughter rung,
 And the song was sung,
 Remembrance sadden'd all the strain,
 And we check'd our mirth
 Around the hearth,
 To wish you safely home again.

II.

Till parting came, we never knew
 What joy we lost in losing you,
 How much you mingled with our thought,
 What charms of life your presence brought.
 But you've come at last,
 All danger past,
 And joy shall follow in your train :
 Our hearts shall glow,
 And the wine shall flow ;—
 You're welcome, welcome home again !

BREATHE AGAIN THAT SONG OF SADNESS.

I.

BREATHE again that song of sadness,
 Tender memories round it cling ;
 Dreams of long-departed gladness
 Rise before us as you sing.
 Joy and sorrow, disunited,
 Seem to mingle in the strain ;
 Sorrow tearful and delighted,
 Pleasure deepening into pain.

II.

Sing again ! In happy childhood,
 Round the village green we play ;
 Now we wander through the wild wood,
 Light of heart, and fresh as May :
 Dear companions roam beside us,
 In whose smile our faces shine ;
 Love displays the light to guide us,
 Earthly splendour, yet divine.

III.

Cease the song !—our tears are gushing ;
 Joys so fervent could not last ;
 Floods of thought, o'er memory rushing,
 Waft our spirits to the past.
 Cease ! oh, cease ! Our hearts endeavour
 Vainly to repress the tear ;
 Voices hush'd, alas ! for ever,
 Seem to echo as we hear.

THE SWALLOW AND THE ROBIN.

[Air: THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE.]

I.

SPRING-TIME music fills the valleys,
 Blossoms deck the apple-tree,
 Violets peep in forest alleys,
 Gentle Swallow! list to me.
 Dipping, curving,
 Floating, swerving,
 Seek my true-love through the bowers;
 When thou'st found her, gently tell her
 Love was born 'mid summer flowers.

II.

Wild and bleak the north wind blusters,
 Crisp the snow lies on the lea,
 Pendent ice-drops fall in clusters;—
 Friendly Robin! list to me.
 Doubting, flying,
 Trusting, prying,
 Near her lattice pass thine hours;
 Tell her, at her window tapping,
 Love shall last through winter showers.

IF HIS HEART NEVER THROBB'D WITH
AFFECTION.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

IF his heart never throb'd with affection sincere,
If his eyes never glisten'd with sympathy's tear,
 If still unrelenting,
 To guilt, that repenting,
Implored him, with sobs, not to strike, but to hear ;
Untarnish'd his fame and his honour may shine,
And the praises of thousands his worth may enshrine ;
 But I shall not, I may not,
 I will not, I dare not,
Consent to receive him as lover of mine.

II.

But if he be modest, pure-minded, and true,
If from faults of his own his best sympathies grew ;
 If warm in his feeling,
 To sorrow appealing,
He pities and loves where the harsh might pursue ;
Unknown to the world, he may wander apart,
At the sound of his name no applauses may start ;
 But I shall not, I may not,
 I will not, I dare not,
Refuse him my friendship, my hand, and my heart.

MAY DEW.

I.

FROM peaceful slumber waking,
With sunlight on its wings,
To hail the May-morn breaking,
The happy skylark sings.
So arise, arise, uncloseth your eyes,
Fair maids, the day has dawn'd for you ;
And try the spell through mead and dell,
That haunts the morning dew.

II.

Come forth, and find it gleaming,
Like jewels on the grass,
And bathe your eyes, bright beaming,
And ripe lips, as you pass.
And your eyes shall shine with light divine
Your cheeks their youthful bloom renew ;
And time shall spare your faces fair,
By magic of the dew.

III.

But if you doubt the trial,
And smile to hear the tale,
I know beyond denial
A charm that cannot fail :
Try thought refined, the simple mind,
Good humour bright and feeling true,
And you need not seek for eye or cheek,
The magic of the dew.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

I.

OH! youth's fond dreams, like evening skies,
 Are tinged with colours bright,
 Their cloud-built halls and turrets rise
 In lines of lingering light.
 Airy, fairy,
 In the beam they glow,
 As if they'd last
 Through every blast
 That angry Fate may blow.
 But Time wears on with stealthy pace,
 And robes of solemn gray,
 And in the shadow of her face
 The glories fade away.

II.

But not in vain the splendours die,
 For worlds before unseen
 Rise on the forehead of the sky,
 Unchanging and serene.
 Gleaming, streaming,
 Through the dark they show
 Their lustrous forms
 Above the storms
 That rend our earth below.
 So pass the visions of our Youth,
 In Time's advancing shade ;
 Yet evermore the stars of Truth
 Shine brighter when they fade.

THE BOATMAN.

I.

THE bridegroom smiled a happy smile,
 The bride was sweetly blushing,
 And o'er the water's tranquil breast
 A sound of bells came gushing.
 The bridesmaids laugh'd, or watch'd the light
 Upon the ripples quiver,
 But shadows dimm'd the boatman's face
 Who row'd them o'er the river.

II.

Slow fell his oars, his thoughts were sad ;
 " 'Tis eighteen years in summer
 " Since o'er the stream I row'd the bride,
 " New-born, a fairy comer.
 " The bells rang gaily, as to-day,
 " As to the font they brought her ;
 " And sire and mother wept for joy
 " At christ'ning of their daughter.

III.

" And now once more across the stream—
 " May all kind thoughts possess her !—
 " I row the bride and bridal guests,
 " And pray that Heaven may bless her !
 " The sun shines bright, each heart is light,
 " The laugh rings loud and merry,
 " And shouts of welcome from the shore
 " Come booming o'er the ferry.

IV.

" A third time she must cross the flood,
 " With Death, our lord and master :
 " May I ne'er see that mournful day !"—
 Row, boatman, row us faster !
 Row, boatman, row,—your oars are slow,
 Time flies and Love is pressing ;
 And you shall earn a double fee,
 Besides your lady's blessing.



THE SILVER BIRCH.

I.

ALONE on the slope of the mountain it grew,
 And bathed its light tresses in glittering dew ;
 The bird on its boughs linger'd loving and long,
 And the stream at its feet ever murmur'd in song ;
 It toy'd with the winds, it was happy and free ;—
 Oh ! the silvery birch was a flourishing tree.

II.

The lord of the mountain beheld it, and sigh'd
 That so lovely a thing in the desert should hide.
 " Come down from the wilderness, child of the
 " storm !
 " And I'll shield from its anger thy delicate form ;
 " I've a garden of pleasure more fitted for thee,
 " And there thou shalt flourish, my beautiful tree."

III.

He loosen'd its roots, and convey'd it away,
 To dwell in the bowers with the roses of May ;
 But it pined for the breezes that roam'd on the hill,—
 For the fern of the rock, for the voice of the rill ;
 And drooping forlorn 'mid the pride of the lea,
 It died in its grandeur, the beautiful tree.



I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESS'D.

I.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distress'd :
 My grief a proud man heard ;
 His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
 But not a kindly word.
 My sorrow pass'd,—I paid him back
 The gold he gave to me ;
 Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
 And bless'd his Charity.

II.

I lay in want, in grief and pain :
 A poor man pass'd my way ;
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,
 He watch'd me night and day.
 How shall I pay him back again,
 For all he did to me ?
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far
 Is heavenly Sympathy !

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR.

I.

A TWELVEMONTH ago I was plain as could be,—
 There was not a charm or a beauty in me ;
 My age was eighteen, I was merry as young,
 But wisdom or wit never haunted my tongue.
 Mine eyes had no lustre, my cheeks had no bloom,
 My steps had no grace, and my sighs no perfume :
 The reason I'll tell,—it was much to endure,—
 All this only happen'd because I was poor.

II.

But now, what a change ! I am fresh as the morn,
 All beauties my face and my actions adorn ;
 Mine eyes are too bright for my wooers to bear ;
 I'm wise, I'm accomplish'd, I'm good, and I'm fair ;
 No longer neglected I sit at the ball,
 But shine forth the pride or the envy of all.
 The reason wouldst know ?—then the truth shall be
 clear—
 My uncle has left me five thousand a year !

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

I.

OH, Nightingale, that singest,
 Conceal'd in thickets green,
 So loud and clear, yet sad to hear,—
 What may thy music mean?
 "It means, that love rejected
 "Is heavy grief and thrall;
 "Yet better still, for good or ill,
 "Than not to love at all."
 Oh, Nightingale! sweet Nightingale!
 The soft, sad notes prolong;
 Our hearts confess the plaintive tale,
 And answer to thy song.

II.

Oh, Lark, with twinkling pinions,
 And full enraptured note,
 What means the lay—Oh, minstrel, say!
 That gushes from thy throat?
 "It means, that love requited
 "Shall neither die nor cloy;
 "'Tis light of heaven, to mortals given;
 "'Tis earth's divinest joy."
 Above the clouds, oh, songster sweet
 Soar high and carol free!
 The coldest heart that ever beat
 Will sympathize with thee.

OLD KING COAL.

[Air: OLD KING COLE.]

I.

OLD King Coal was a merry old soul :

“I’ll move the world,” quoth he ;

“My England’s high, and rich, and great,
But greater she shall be !”

And he call’d for the pick, and he call’d for the
spade,

And he call’d for his miners bold ;

“And it’s dig,” he said, “in the deep, deep earth ;

“You’ll find my treasures better worth

“Than mines of Indian gold !” *

II.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,

Yet not content was he ;

And he said, “I’ve found what I’ve desired,

“Though ’tis but one of three.”

And he call’d for water, he call’d for fire,

For smiths and workmen true :

“Come, build me engines great and strong ;

“We’ll have,” quoth he, “a change ere long ;

“We’ll try what Steam can do.”

III.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul :

“’Tis fairly done,” quoth he,

When he saw the myriad wheels at work

O’er all the land and sea.

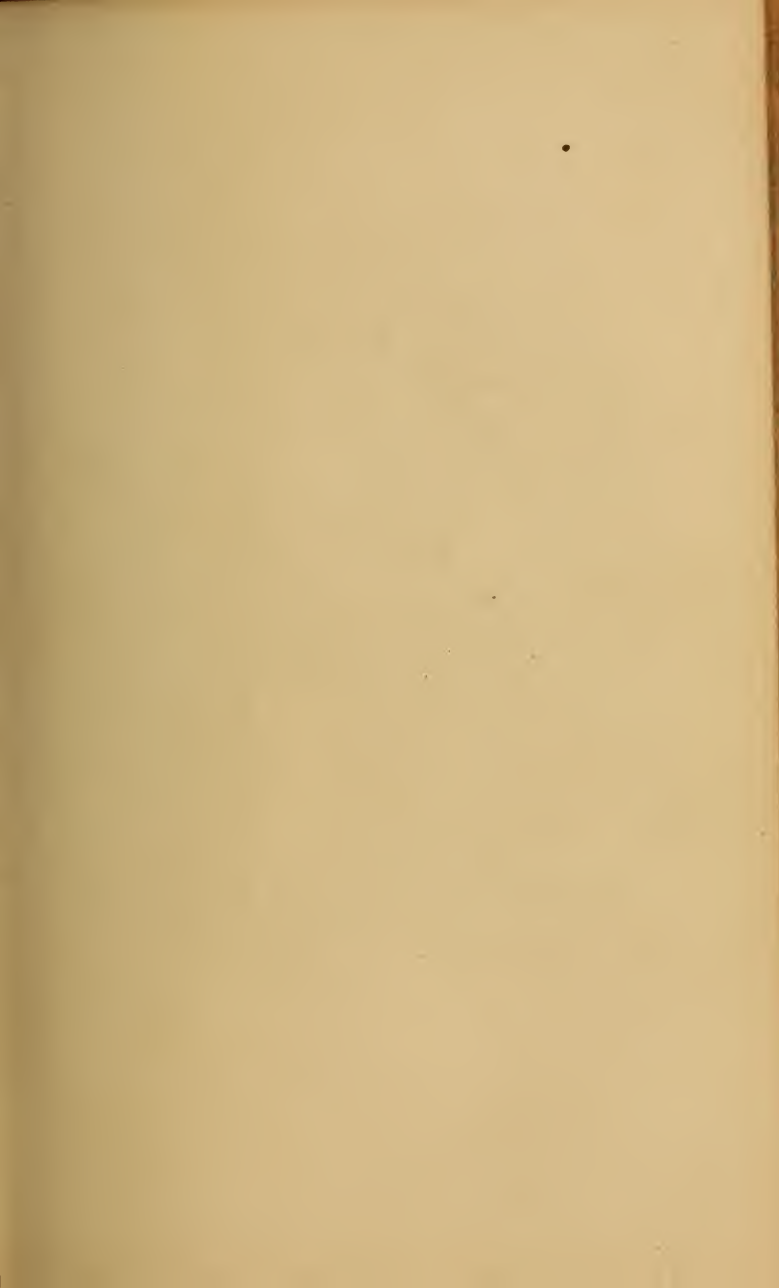
They spared the bones and strength of men,
They hammer'd, wove, and spun ;
There was nought too great, too mean, or small,—
The giant STEAM had power for all ;—
His task was never done.

IV.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul :
Quoth he, " We travel slow ;
" I should like to roam the wide world round,
" As fast as the wild winds blow."
And he call'd for his skilful engineers ;
And soon through hills and vales,
O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning pass'd,
On the ribs of the mighty Rails.

V.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he ;
May he never fail in the land we love,
Who has made us great and free !
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
And our name and our fame, and our might and
our right,
In the front of the world shall stand !





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THE LIGHT OF LOVE

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

OH! the light of our love, in the Dawn of our day,
 Is bright as the sunshine that smiles on our way ;
 It shows us the dew-drops like gems on the thorn,
 And calls up the sweet-ringing music of morn.
 The roses of life in its presence unfold,
 And the crests of the mountains glow purple and
 gold.

Oh! the sweet light of love, in our Morning of mirth,
 Is the charm and the glory, and hope of the earth.

II.

But the light of our love, when the Evening is near,
 Is softer and sweeter, more tender and clear ;
 The stars that were hid in the glare of the Noon,
 Look forth in their beauty, undimm'd by the moon.
 The world and its pleasures in shadow may lie,
 But pleasures less fleeting appear in the sky :
 Oh! the sweet light of love to our Evening is given,
 To lead us from earth to the glories of Heaven !

THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

THROUGH the green lanes of England, the long summer day,
 We wander'd at will in our youth's merry May ;
 We gather'd the blooms o'er the hedge-rows that hung,
 Or mock'd the sweet song that the nightingale sung.
 In the autumn we knew
 Where the blackberries grew,
 And the shy hazel-nuts hidden deep in the shade ;
 Or with shouting and cheer,
 When the Christmas drew near,
 In search of the ripe ruddy holly we stray'd.

II.

But the green lanes of England, though dear to us then,
 Were dearer by far when we grew to be men ;
 When the heart's first emotions were fervent and pure,
 And the world had no grief that a smile could not cure.
 'Twas beneath the green leaves,
 In the calm summer eves,
 That we breathed the young hopes in our bosoms that burn'd ;
 Or in Love's gentle eyes
 Read the tender replies
 That show'd the fond passion as fondly return'd.

III.

Ye green lanes of England, wherever we roam,
Ye are link'd in our hearts with the mem'ries of
home,
With the sports of our childhood, the love of our
prime,
And the pensive delights of a soberer time.
Other lands may be fair,
With their balm-breathing air,
And their beauties and grandeurs that charm or
appal ;
But to young and to old,
Till our hearts shall grow cold,
Shall the green lanes of England be dearer than all.



THE FLOWER AND CHAIN.

I.

THE fading rose may drink the dew,
And draw fresh life from summer skies ;
But years nor tears can e'er renew
The love deceived that droops and dies.
The chain whose links dissolve and part,
May be united as before ;
But broken love's defy our art,
And, once dissever'd, meet no more.

II.

Though frail the rose, it fears no storm,—
 Its sweets exhale when tempests rave ;
 But falsehood blights its fairy form,
 And strews its blossoms on the grave ;
 The mystic chain, like Fate and Death,
 Can bear all grief that men have borne,
 But breaks and crumbles at a breath,
 When utter'd by the lips of scorn.



THE BEAUTIFIER.

I.

TELL me, ye waving Woods and throbbing Ocean,
 Ye Hills and Streams, ye Landscapes glowing fair
 Why in my heart ye wake such new emotion ?
 And ye, O Skies ! with all your worlds, declare
 What is the secret, deep, untold delight,
 Unknown before, that fills me in your sight ?

II.

There came an answer to my thought's appealing,
 When she I love look'd upward to my face ;
 Her eyes were fountains bright with new revealing,
 The sweet interpreters of Nature's grace ;
 And when she spoke, I press'd her lips impearl'd,
 And knew 'twas Love that beautified the world.

THE WOODLAND STREAM.

I.

How oft along thy woodland way,
 Fair streamlet of the hills,
 We've listen'd to the murmuring voice
 Of all thy gushing rills ;
 And gazing on thy lucid breast,
 Beneath thy groves of pine,
 Have wish'd the current of our joys .
 Might flow as clear as thine.

II.

We saw the verdure on thy brink,
 The grass, the fern, the flowers,
 We heard the song of happy birds
 That sported in thy bowers ;
 And fondly hoped that round our heads
 Such calm delights might twine,
 And that the blessings of our hearts
 Might be as pure as thine.

III.

And when thy constant ripple show'd,
 In morn or evening bright,
 The glory of the rising sun,
 Or moon's serener light,
 We pray'd that Love on us might beam
 With radiance as divine,
 And that the lustre of our lives
 Might come from Heaven, like thine.

WITCHES AND FAIRIES.

[Air: COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING.]

I.

OH, yes! we believe in the witches and fairies;
 They tease us and please us wherever we stray;
 Ellens and Claras, and Jessies and Maries,
 And scores of tormentors as wicked as they.
 Their eyes are enchanted,
 Their dimples are haunted;
 Wherever they wander, some mischief is found;
 Tears, smiles,
 Blushes and wiles,
 And spells without number they scatter around.

II.

'Tis well there's a charm that can bring them to
 reason,
 And make the most dangerous safe to behold;
 A charm independent of place or of season—
 A plain little, sweet little, circle of gold.
 Put *that* on the finger,
 No mischief will linger;
 The witchcraft will fade, and the danger depart:
 Come! try,
 Ye who deny,
 And you'll find all the fairies kind women at heart.

THE BARLEY AND THE HOP.

[Air: THE CURLY-HEADED PLOUGHBOY.]

I.

'Twas in the morning early,
 The grass was wet with dew,
 That young and lusty Barley
 Went o'er the hills to woo.
 His cheek was like the cherry,
 His beard like threaded gold;
 His laugh was loud and merry,
 His step was brisk and bold.
 He sought his lady, smiling,
 And falling on his knee,
 Exclaim'd, "Without beguiling,
 "I've come to marry thee!"

II.

Oh, modest was the maiden,
 And comely to be seen,
 Her robes of green array'd in,
 And gemm'd with diamond sheen.
 Her hair, in ringlets yellow,
 Hung clust'ring o'er her eyes;
 Her breath was sweet and mellow,
 Like balm of summer skies.
 "Sweet maid!" quoth he, "thy beauty
 "Excels the flaunting Vine!
 "To love thee is a duty;
 "I die to make thee mine!"

III.

All blushing to behold him,
 She strove to answer "Nay!"
 But, softly whisp'ring, told him
 To name the happy day.
 Hop shook her golden tresses,
 The bearded Barley sprang,
 And birds in green recesses
 Their bridal chorus sang.
 Long may this couple flourish
 In every frothing can,
 Our drooping strength to nourish,
 And cheer the heart of man!



FALL, OH! FALL.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

FALL, oh! fall, ye words of anger,
 Like the leaves when autumn blows,
 Like the May-blooms in the river,
 Like the moonlight on the snows!
 Fall like seed in barren places,
 Fall like raindrops in the sea,—
 Idle words, foredoom'd to perish,
 Lost between my love and me!

II.

But, ye words of lovingkindness,
 Fall like grateful summer rain,
 Like the heat on frozen waters,
 Like sweet music heard in pain!
 Like the dew on op'ning roses,
 Like the acorn from the tree;
 Fall, ye accents of affection,
 Fruitful to my love and me!



OF OLD, A SPADE.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

OF old, a "spade" was call'd a "spade,"
 By simples and by sages;
 A "workman" did his honest "work,"
 And "servants" earn'd their "wages."
 A "man" was title of respect,
 Whenever virtue named it;
 There was but one of higher worth,
 And lovely "woman" claim'd it.
 But now we masquerade with words,—
 The truth a great offence is,—
 And desecrate our English tongue
 By pride and false pretences.

II.

We shame the language of our sires,
 We talk so mild and meekly,—
 We've "operatives" for working-men,
 Who draw their "salaries" weekly.
 Our "lady" takes the place of "wife,"
 That word so true and hearty ;
 And every "man"'s a "gentleman,"
 Unless we call him "party."
 The "shopman" hates the name of "shop,"
 * And by perversion, later,
 The man who digs a railway trench
 Is called a "navigator."

III.

Oh, give us back our ancient speech !
 It had a soul of beauty ;
 And let us do our daily "work,"
 And think it pleasant duty.
 Let's earn our "wages," as of old,—
 The word can never harm us ;
 Let's love our "sweethearts" and our "wives,"
 And own that "women" charm us.
 So shall our actions, like our words,
 Be void of affectation ;
 And "spade" be "spade," and "man" be "man,"
 Throughout the British nation.

THE MASTER-KEYS.

I.

How small the master-keys of thought,
 That ope the gate of parted years,
 And show the chambers richly wrought,
 Bedew'd with bygone tears!
 A rose-leaf folded in the page
 Awakes emotion strong;
 And floods no pity can assuage
 Come bursting at a song.

II.

A stranger's look, a transient word,
 A touch, an odour, or a sigh,
 A little whisper, scarcely heard,
 The lifting of an eye,
 May all be keys to open wide
 The twilight halls of Time,
 And show the cells where Passion died,
 Or Folly grew to Crime.

III.

Oh, turn them not! Be hush'd the strain!
 We may not gaze on Sorrow's heart;
 Be hid, ye flowers, that breathe of pain!
 Ye memories, depart!
 The moonbeam lights the storied glass,
 But darkness hovers round;
 Beware, intruder, how you pass!—
 You tread on holy ground.

THE NAMES ON THE BEECH-TREE.

I.

WHERE are they gone,—the beautiful,
The young, the fond, the free,
Who carved their names upon thy bark,
Thou lordly beechen tree?
Alas, the change! thy leaves grow green,
Thine arms are strong and bold;
But hopes are dead, and joys are fled,
And burning love is cold.

II.

'Tis sad to think, O beechen tree,
All beauteous as thou art,
That thy broad stem and spreading boughs
Outlive the human heart.
From year to year thy leaves unfold,
And woo the birds to sing;
While Hope and Passion droop and die,
And feel no second spring.

III.

Yet ah! not so: the youthful loves
Whose fond memorials twine
Around thy girth, thou ancient tree,
Have higher life than thine.
Though dead to earth, as bygone leaves
By winds of Autumn driven,
A hope divine inspires our souls;
They bloom again in Heaven.

HAL AND HIS FRIENDS.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

HAL had a plot of garden-ground ;
 And when his work was done,
 He loved to sit beneath the trees,
 And watch the setting sun.
 And thither came the friends he loved,—
 'Twas Tom, and Dick, and Ben ;
 Quoth Hal, " We've oft been happy here,—
 " And so we shall again !

II.

" No store have we of worldly wealth,
 " But we are sages all ;
 " And if our fortunes are not great,
 " Our wishes are but small.
 " When we began to earn our bread,
 " Our years were four and ten,
 " And since that day we've paid our way,—
 " And so we shall again !

III.

" We never hide the truth we feel,
 " To flatter rich or poor ;
 " And stoutly bear, as men should do,
 " The griefs we cannot cure.
 " And if like others we have err'd,
 " Or stumbled now and then,
 " We've always held our heads erect,—
 " And so we shall again !

IV.

"With cheerful hearts we've plodded on,
 "Through many a stormy day ;
 "Enjoy'd the light, and loved the right,
 "And pluck'd the flowers of May.
 "We've done our best, and hoped the rest,
 "Though poor yet honest men ;
 "And always found our pathway clear,—
 "And so we shall again !"



OF LOWLY BIRTH, BUT REGAL BEAUTY.

I.

OF lowly birth, but regal beauty,
 To charm, to dazzle, and surprise ;
 Men gave her homage as a duty,
 And bards drew rapture from her eyes.
 Of spirit bold, of bearing proud,
 She shone above the common crowd,
 A dream of light and glory.

II.

"Farewell !" exclaim'd a sailor, kneeling :
 "Thy smile shall light me o'er the sea ;
 "Remembrance of thy tears, appealing,
 "Shall be my guide to victory.
 "Two passions only fill my heart,
 "And ever shall, till life depart,—
 "Thy love, and England's glory !"

III.

“Farewell!” she said; “the tear-drops starting,
 “Betray my love, and not my fears;
 “For through the clouds that dim our parting,
 “I see the light of coming years.
 “My soul rejoices in thy fame;
 “And when I think upon thy name,
 “I dream of England’s glory!”

IV.

He sought the strife where duty bore him:
 He fought and died, but conquering fell.
 His country’s tears dropp’d gushing o’er him,
 And nations peal’d his funeral knell.
 But she, alas! of soul so high,
 Was left in poverty to die,
 Though dear to England’s glory!



WINE AND GLORY.

I.

A FLY on the brink of a tankard was sipping
 The rich mantling wave of the ripe Rhenish wine;
 “Oh, what are you doing? you rush to your ruin!
 “Be wise, foolish fly, and to reason incline!”
 Thus argued another, careering in gladness
 Around the bright flame of a taper afar.
 “All drinking’s a folly, and brings melancholy;
 “Take warning, and shun it, lost fly that you are!

II.

" Behold how a passion more noble should move you ;
 " 'Tis Glory alone has a charm in my eyes ;
 " Whatever betide me, its radiance shall guide me !
 " Good bye, silly toper, and learn to be wise."
 Thus saying, he sported his wings for a minute,
 Then flew to the light that so tempted his gaze ;
 But burning his pinions in Glory's dominions,
 He fell in the candle, and died in the blaze.

III.

" Alas !" said the fly that was perch'd on the tankard,
 " Can aught for the want of self-knowledge atone ?
 " We rail against others, see faults in our brothers,
 " And blame every folly and vice but our own."
 But whether this fly was converted from toping,
 Or led a new life, is not easy to say ;
 But if flies are like drinkers 'mong two-legged
 thinkers,
 'Tis likely he sips the red wine to this day !



OH, LEAVE HER TO HER GRIEF.

I.

OH, leave her to her grief,
 Nor urge her to forget ;
 All art is vain to soothe her pain :
 She mourns her loved one yet.

II.

The storm will run its course,
And not till clouds have burst,
Shall light appear, serene and clear,
And glorious as at first.

III.

Oh, leave her till she weep !
And when the tear-drops flow,
Let Pity's word, soft stealing, heard,
Be music to her woe.

IV.

And water'd by those tears,
A little flower shall bloom ;
A blossom fair, for Love to wear—
A hope beyond the tomb.



THE FLOWER OF DECEMBER.

I.

I've loved thee well, I've loved thee long,
And, gazing on thy beauty,
I ask my heart what secret charm
Makes love such joyous duty ?
My heart replies :—The soul of truth,
The hope in sadness spoken,
The smiles of light in darkest days,
The constancy unbroken.

II.

The kindly word that falls to-day,
 May bear its fruit to-morrow ;
 The false are often kind in joy,
 The true alone in sorrow.
 And though we bless the flower of June,
 And all its charms remember,
 We've double blessings for the rose
 That blossoms in December.



THE LINNET MUST SING, THOUGH THE FALCON
 MAY HEAR.

I.

THE linnet must sing, though the falcon may hear ;
 The leaf must unfold, though it die with the year ;
 And the glow-worm must shine, though the light
 which it shows
 But guide the attack of its wandering foes ;
 At the call of the tempest the billows must foam,
 Though the ship may be wreck'd that is journeying
 home ;
 And the young heart must love, though experience
 declare
 That love is a folly, and passion a snare.

II.

In vain, all in vain, are the lessons of old,—
 The world must roll on as it ever has roll'd.
 If the birds would not sing, lest the fowler might spy,
 The music of earth would be mute in the sky ;
 If the storms would not blow, lest the oak might be
 riven,
 Not a flower could expand to the breezes of heaven ;
 And if hearts would not love, lest a grief might ensue,
 Oh, the world were no home for the young and the
 true !



BE WISE, O VAGRANT FANCY.

I.

BE wise, O vagrant Fancy, nor paint the world so
 fair,
 Nor build such cloudy temples and castles in the air ;
 Believe, or thou wilt rue it, that friendship can be-
 tray,
 And love forget to-morrow the truth it vows to-day.

II.

It is not hope, but folly, to robe the earth in light,
 And in the blaze of morning to disbelieve in night ;
 Thy glowing dreams mislead thee, thy careless eyes
 grow blind,
 They only see the rainbow, but not the cloud behind.

III.

And yet, O vagrant Fancy, 'tis better as thou art ;
 To disbelieve in goodness destroys both head and
 heart.

We'll keep our loves and friendships, nor deem they
 can betray,

Nor heed that thorns may pierce us when flowers are
 on the way.



FAIR AND TRUE.

I.

RIPE as peaches, fresh as morning,
 Minnie's cheeks with crimson glow ;
 On her lips the clustering kisses
 Woo the wind to taste and go.
 When she breathes, the jealous roses
 Long to share a fragrance new.
 Lurking smiles and artless meanings
 Slumber in her eyes of blue.

II.

But though beautiful is Minnie,
 She has charms all charms above ;
 Bright good-humour never failing,
 Goodness, gentleness, and love.
 Ye who doubt the worth of woman,
 Look on Minnie and be wise ;
 Virtue beams in every feature,
 Truth's the sunlight of her eyes.

WHEN I RECALL WHAT LOVE HAS DONE.

I.

WHEN I recall what Love has done,
 Since first the world was fashion'd ;
 What grief and care, and deep despair,
 Pursue the heart impassion'd ;
 What countless agony and wrong
 Its daily course have haunted ;—
 “ O Love ! ” I cry, “ I pass you by,—
 “ My soul is disenchanted !

II.

“ For you the wise belie their name,
 “ The true forget their duty ;
 “ And men have given their hopes of heav'n
 “ To win the smile of beauty.
 “ Such hearts and realms you've overthrown,
 “ And wrought such wars and treason,
 “ My mind, O Love, you shall not move,
 “ While I preserve my reason.”

III.

But when I look on Ellen's face,
 With arch endearment gleaming,
 And from her eyes see Love's replies
 In every glance come streaming,—
 Not Antony, who lost a world,
 Nor Paris, son of Priam ;
 Nor any fool who died for love,
 Was such a fool as I am !

THE WINTRY WINDS.

[Air: THE VICAR OF BRAY.]

I.

THE wintry winds rush howling past,
 And whistle through the moorland ;
 The tall oaks answer to the storm,
 Like billows on the foreland ;
 The windows shake, the chimney groans,
 So draw your chairs together ;
 Pile up the coal, and fill the bowl,
 And we'll defy the weather.
 There's storm without, but love within,
 And friendship's pure embraces :
 We'll make amends for winter cold,
 By sunshine of our faces.

II.

Pile up the fire ! we'll dance and sing ;
 But yet amid our gladness,
 We'll not forget the fate of those
 Who pine in want and sadness :
 The shivering wanderers in the streets
 Who tramp the homeless city,
 And sailors shipwreck'd far at sea,
 With none to aid or pity.
 May Heaven protect them, one and all !
 And sweeten our embraces,
 Both by the rain-drops of our hearts,
 And sunshine of our faces !

WHEN SONG, TO CHEER THE HEART OF MAN.

I.

WHEN Song, to cheer the heart of man,
 Her artless wood-notes first began,
 Her voice was pure, her fancy young,
 And ever what she meant she sung.
 With harmless mirth or feeling deep,
 She made the nations smile or weep.
 She loved the right, she scorn'd the wrong :
 Oh ! mighty was the voice of Song !

II.

But wandering in a later day,
 Where cities lured her from her way,
 She learn'd a note was not her own,
 And lost her purity of tone :
 With Fancy, not with Truth, she dwelt,
 And spoke the thought she had not felt ;
 And quitting Nature's guiding hand,
 Became a trifler in the land.

III.

Men wonder'd why their hearts no more
 Obey'd her impulse as before,
 Till, by their cold indifference warn'd,
 She sought the Truth that she had scorn'd.
 And now again her tones we hear,
 Majestic, earnest, and sincere ;
 And nations, as of old, rejoice,
 And throb responsive to her voice.

I'M BUT LITTLE NOBODY.

I.

WHEN the wild wind flies
 O'er the midnight skies,
 And from crag to crag the frantic thunders ride ;
 When the lightning stroke
 Has destroy'd the oak,
 Safely down below, the little violets hide.
 In the strife appalling,
 When the proud are falling,
 Little men can rest, or watch unheeded by.
 Blow, ye storms of Fate,
 On the rich and great,
 I'm but Little Nobody—Nobody am I !

II.

Pebbles on the shore
 Dread no billow's roar ;
 But the mighty ships, deep-laden in the hold,
 With a thousand men,
 Steering home again,
 Founder oftentimes with all their men and gold.
 Feathers fall but slowly ;
 And the poor and lowly
 Fall, and are unhurt, while greatness falls to die.
 Kings may wake to weep,
 While their ploughmen sleep.
 Who would be a Somebody ? Nobody am I !

THE RIVER OF TIME.

[Air: TARRY AWHILE WITH ME.]

I.

A YOUTH full of hope, and a man in his prime,
 Sat down by the shore of the river of Time :
 The youth, with a sigh, cast a flower on its breast,
 And watch'd the sweet blossom float down to the West,
 Then roam'd by the river, impatient of rest.

“ And haste,” he cried, “ thou tardy stream,
 “ And bring the promised joy ;
 “ I'm weary waiting on the brink ;—
 “ Oh, who would be a boy !

II.

“ I long to behold the delights of the world,
 “ The swift-sailing ships, with their banners unfurl'd ;
 “ To join the glad songs of the hopeful and free,
 “ As onward in triumph they sweep to the sea.
 “ Flow swiftly, O river, and waft them to me.”

And still he cried, “ O tardy stream !

“ Be fleet as thou art clear ;
 “ I'm weary, weary gath'ring flowers,—
 “ I may not linger here.”

III.

But the man, with a smile, turn'd his gaze to the sky,
 And then to the river, slow murmuring by ;
 The odour of lilies around him was shed,
 The birds sang their songs 'mid the boughs overhead ;
 And though he was happy, he sigh'd, as he said,—

“ Oh, tarry awhile, thou rapid stream ;
 “ Why hasten to the sea ?
 “ Thy waves are fair, thy banks are green ;
 “ Oh, tarry awhile with me ! ”



THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

[Air: ON THE COLD, COLD GROUND.]

I.

How mournful is my fate !
 I've lost my hope, my love, my joy ;
 My heart is desolate,
 And beats but to deplore.
 Thy father went before,
 And left but thee to bless me, boy !
 Thy face was bright as day,
 Thy voice like music's sound :
 The voice is hush'd, the light is quench'd
 In the cold, cold ground.

II.

But yet thou sleepest well.
 It was a glorious field, my son,
 On which thy father fell !
 Ah ! double grief is mine ;
 Alike his fate and thine !
 'Twas hard such love to yield, my son :
 'Twas hard to lose you both,
 E'en though your country found ;
 But flowers are springing from your graves,
 In the cold, cold ground.

III.

The cheerful leaves unfold,
 As they were looks of thine, my boy,
 To bid me be consoled,
 And learn to hope and pray :
 They seem to smile, and say,
 "The grave is powerless to destroy."
 The sunshine gilds my face ;
 Love, like the flowers around,
 Points smiling up to Heaven, my boy,
 From the cold, cold ground.



THE SUMMER BOWER.

I.

Love once built a summer bower,
 Fill'd with golden treasure :
 "Here," he said, "come shine or shower,
 "I will pass my leisure.
 "Care and grief, with brow severe,
 "Never more shall enter here,
 "And no winter in my year
 "Shall disturb my pleasure."

II.

But, alas! as Time flew by,
 Love, by sameness haunted,
 Pined for want of sympathy,
 Sigh'd for something wanted.

Pleasure's debt was hard to pay,
 Constant light obscured his way,
 Weary grew the summer day
 In that bower enchanted.

III.

Wasting thus in lonely pride,
 Lo! a stranger sought him ;
 Walking sadly by his side,
 To the world she brought him.
 To the world of grief and care,
 To the healthy open air,
 And to pathways bleak and bare,
 Where this truth she taught him :

IV.

"SORROW is my name," she said ;
 "Thou my strength must borrow :
 "Tears to-day like rain-drops shed
 "Feed the flowers to-morrow."
 Since that time, the world can prove
 In a magic round they move ;
 SORROW purifying LOVE,
 LOVE consoling SORROW.



LOVERS' QUARRELS.

[Air: COME, SWEET LASS.]

I.

LET'S be wise,
 And cease repining :
 Love is shining
 From our eyes,
 And taunts no more arise
 After the rain
 The sunshine smiles again ;
 And birds make music rare
 When storms have clear'd the air.

II.

Love, like flowers,
 Blooms all the sweeter
 And completer
 After showers,
 That fill with balm the bowers.
 When the wind blows,
 The bright flame brighter glows ;
 And kisses after strife,
 Make Love the joy of Life.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

[AIR: FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER.]

I.

THROUGH the summer night
 Comes a melancholy sprite,
 Fitful as a light
 On the billowy seas ;—
 At my window lone
 It awakes a mournful tone,
 Rising, falling, failing in sweet melodies.
 Tell me, why dost borrow
 Such a voice of sorrow,
 Spirit at my casement, moaning 'mid the trees ?

II.

Wherefore seek to know ?
 Forests sigh when wild winds blow,
 And the torrent's flow
 Dies in plaintive song ;
 Nature's voice appears
 As if, touch'd by human tears,
 'Twere a dirge of pity for our human wrong ;
 Ocean moans for ever ;
 Sadly falls the river ;
 And all the vagrant storms the notes of grief prolong.

III.

Breathe, O summer air ;
 Music never spoke despair ;
 And thy sighs declare
 Comfort 'mid our pain.

Joy abides in grief ;
 Hidden in the flower and leaf
 Are the autumn treasures—fruit and golden grain.
 Sigh, O wind of summer,
 Sweet uncertain comer,—
 Sympathy for sorrow hallows all the strain.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

I.

LOVE plagued me so much when he dwelt in my
 heart,
 That I gave the tormenter a hint to depart ;
 But he would not obey me. “ Oh, why should I go ?
 You must,” he exclaim’d, “ have a tenant, you know ;
 And should I forsake you, Ambition, perchance,
 Might be the next comer to lead you a dance.
 He’d vex you, perplex you, and lure you astray ;
 So you’d better be wise, and allow me to stay.”

II.

“ I care not for Fame or Ambition,” I cried ;
 “ I ask but for quiet, and nothing beside.”
 “ All folly !” said Love ; “ and if Glory should fail,
 Some passion less noble your heart would assail.
 You must have a tenant to keep the house tight,
 And if Fame will not suit you, why Avarice might.”
 “ Enough !” I replied ; “ let us argue no more.”
 And he’s tenant again, firmer fix’d than before.

MY GARDEN GATE.

I.

STAND back, bewildering Politics !—
I've placed my fences round ;
Pass on, with all your party tricks,
Nor tread my holy ground !
Stand back—I'm weary of your talk,
Your squabbles, and your hate :
You cannot enter in this walk ;—
I've closed my garden gate.

II.

Stand back, ye thoughts of trade and pelf !—
I have a refuge here ;
I wish to commune with myself—
My mind is out of gear.
These bowers are sacred to the page
Of philosophic lore ;
Within these bounds no envies rage—
I've shut my garden door.

III.

Stand back, Frivolity and Show !—
It is a day of spring ;
I want to see my roses blow,
And hear the blackbird sing.
I wish to prune my apple-trees,
And nail my peaches straight :
Keep to the causeway, if you please—
I've shut my garden gate.

IV.

I have no room for such as you,—
 My house is somewhat small :
 Let Love come here, and Friendship true ;—
 I'll give them welcome all ;
 They will not scorn my household stuff,
 Or criticise my store.
 Pass on—the world is wide enough—
 I've shut my garden door.

V.

Stand back, ye pomps ! and let me wear
 The liberty I feel !
 I have a coat at elbows bare—
 I love its dishabille.
 Within these precincts let me rove
 With Nature, free from state ;
 There is no tinsel in the grove—
 I've shut my garden gate.

VI.

What boots continual glare and strife ?—
 I cannot always climb ;
 I would not struggle all my life—
 I need a breathing time.
 Pass on !—I've sanctified these grounds
 To Friendship, Love, and Lore :
 Ye cannot come within the bounds—
 I've shut the garden door.

WILD FLOWERS.

I.

FAIR flow'rets of the field
 That gem the modest grass,
 And peep in woodland bowers,—
 Fair buds, that ever yield
 A pleasure as we pass,
 And smile like happy hours,—
 Sweet memories ye recall
 Of past delights we knew,
 Ere toil and grief begun :
 Joy haunts you, one and all,
 Ye nurslings of the dew,
 And darlings of the sun !

II.

Rose-lipp'd, the daisies tell
 Of infantine delight,
 When we were pure as they ;
 Shy violets in the dell
 Restore the visions bright
 Of youth's unfolding May ;
 And sweet, with sweeter name,
 The blue "forget-me-not"
 Recalls the joy supreme,
 When life was loving flame,
 And hope was passion-fraught,
 And sorrow but a dream.

III.

Fair blossoms, ever bloom !
 Heaven has its stars above,
 To light its awful face ;
 Earth has your sweet perfume,
 Your smiles as kind as love,
 Your never-failing grace.
 Oh ! blessings great, though small,
 That stir each feeling true,
 We love you every one :
 Joy dwells amid you all,
 Ye nurslings of the dew,
 And darlings of the sun !



THE SOBER WINE.

[Air : WINE ! WINE ! WOMEN AND WINE !]

I.

SOME drink the wine for sake of wine,
 Some for folly, some for care ;
 Some with borrow'd light to shine,
 Some to save them from despair.
 'Tis not for these we fill the glass,
 And bid the joyous bumpers pass ;—
 Wine ! wine ! the sober wine !
 Is only bright to thee and me,
 For the sake of company.

II.

Oh ! life indeed were dark and cold,
 Could men not meet in festive bands,
 And while the healths with cheers were told,
 Join cups and voices, hearts and hands.
 If in the joy-inspiring night,
 They could not pour, with faces bright,
 Wine ! wine ! the sober wine !
 In honour of the brave and free,
 In a goodly company.

III.

As symbol be the vintage pour'd
 Of feelings warm, and honest worth ;
 And while the wine-cup cheers the board,
 We'll mingle wisdom with our mirth,
 And prize the gift, as sent to bless,
 And only hurtful in excess :—
 Wine ! wine ! the sober wine !
 Our friend, not tyrant, let it be,
 Only good in company.



MY GOOD RIGHT HAND.

I.

I FELL into grief, and began to complain ;
 I look'd for a friend, but I sought him in vain :
 Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold,
 They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.

“Let them go,” I exclaim’d, “I’ve a friend at my side,
 “To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.
 “To trust to the world is to build on the sand:—
 “I’ll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand.”

II.

My courage reviv’d, in my fortune’s despite,
 And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ;
 It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain ;
 It fed me, and clad me, again and again.
 The friends who had left me came back every one,
 And darkest advisers look’d bright as the sun :
 I need them no more, as they all understand,—
 I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand !



PROCRASTINATIONS.

[Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.]

I.

IF Fortune with a smiling face
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

II.

If those who've wrong'd us own their faults,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen and forgive?—

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from Memory borrow
 When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

III.

If those to whom we owe a debt
 Are harm'd unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just?—

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith?—

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

IV.

If Love, estranged, should once again
 His genial smile display,
 When shall we kiss the proffer'd lips?—

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if he would indulge regret,
 Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
 When shall we weep, if weep we must?—

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

V.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
 The minutes will not stay :
 We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But care, resentment, angry words,
 And unavailing sorrow,
 Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.



THE EXILE OF CLOUDLAND.

I.

WHEN I was a dweller in Cloudland,
 I dwelt in a rich and a proud land ;
 I was lord of the clime,
 I was king of the time ;
 And the sun and the shower,
 The leaf and the flower,
 All came to my bidding in Cloudland.

II.

I was monarch supreme in my Cloudland,
 I was master of fate in that proud land ;
 I would not endure
 That a grief without cure,
 A love that could end,
 Or a false-hearted friend,
 Should dwell for an instant in Cloudland.

III.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
I made thee a great and a proud land !
 With skies ever bright,
 And with hearts ever light ;—
 Neither sorrow nor sin
 Found a harbour within,
And Love was the law of my Cloudland.

IV.

But, alas for myself and my proud land !
There came Revolution in Cloudland ;
 My people, untrue,
 Broke my sceptre in two,
 And, false to their vow,
 Took the crown from my brow,
And banish'd me far from my Cloudland.

V.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland !
How happy was I in that proud land ;
 All the wisdom I've won
 Since my realm was undone,
 Is but poor to repay
 What I lost in the day
When I turn'd my last looks upon Cloudland.

VI.

Oh, ye thoughts and ye feelings of Cloudland !
Ye died when I quitted that proud land !

I wander discrown'd,
 On a bare chilly ground,—
 An exile forlorn,
 Weary, weary and worn,
 Never more to revisit my Cloudland !



GIVE US HEART.

I.

HAVE heart, if you'd please us! the man that's sincere
 Has titles of honour, and ranks as a peer.
 'Tis heart that persuades in the eloquent eyes,
 'Tis heart that gives strength to the words of the
 wise :

To work with good heart is a triumph begun,
 And heart in our pleasures sheds light like the sun ;
 And greater than fate—to enjoy or endure—
 Is the heart that is kind, unaffected, and pure.

II.

Have heart on the tongue,—show a heart in your
 hand !—

The heart speaks a language that all understand ;
 'Tis friendship, 'tis love, 'tis the fire of the brave ;
 It glows in the freeman, it fades in the slave :
 So noble is heart, that however forlorn,
 We'd rather by half have your hate than your scorn.
 So fill up your glasses, and find, if you can,
 A sweet heart in woman, a true heart in man.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

I.

YE who have scorn'd each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
 In this fast-fading year ;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
 Come gather here.
Let sinn'd against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
 And join in friendship now ;
Be links no longer broken ;
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the Holly Bough.

II.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
 In this fast-fading year ;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
 Come gather here ;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As Memory shall ponder
 Each past unbroken vow ;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
 Under the Holly Bough.

III.

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
 Estranged from hope and gladness,
 In this fast-fading year ;
 Ye with o'erburden'd mind,
 Made aliens from your kind,
 Come gather here.
 Let not the useless sorrow
 Pursue you night and morrow :
 If e'er you hoped, hope now ;
 Take heart,—uncloud your faces,
 And join in our embraces
 Under the Holly Bough.



THE MAN WHO WILL NOT MERRY BE.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

THE man who will not merry be
 When the wine-cups foam and flow,
 And he drinks with a goodly company
 Whose eyes with pleasure glow,
 Deserves to weep in a dungeon deep,
 And to eat dry bread in pain ;
 Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass—
 May he ne'er have the chance again !
 Bad boy !
 May he ne'er have the chance again !

II.

The man who will not happy be
When he sits at Beauty's side,
And might press the lips, so pure and free,
Of his wife or destined bride,
Deserves to groan through his age alone,
And to seek a friend in vain ;
Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass—
May he ne'er have the chance again !
Bad boy !
May he ne'er have the chance again !

III.

The man who will not thankful be
For his liberty and right,
For his strong good health and labour's fee,
And quiet sleep at night,
Deserves to know how the beggars go,
And to starve in cold and rain ;
Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass—
May he ne'er have the chance again !
Bad boy !
May he ne'er have the chance again !



THE CHIMES.

I.

RING on, ring on, ye mournful chimes !
 We're sad at heart to-day,
 And dream of joys that Fate may not restore—
 Of love and hope in bygone times,
 Too quickly fled away :
 Ring mournfully, ye chimes, evermore.

II.

Ring on ! yet why so sad, ye bells ?
 O'er woods and waters borne,
 Your tones but mock the fancies in the mind ;—
 With saddest thought a pleasure dwells ;
 Our hearts are less forlorn :
 Ring sweetly, O ye bells, on the wind !

III.

Ring on, ring on ! let joy go round,—
 The shade of grief has pass'd,
 The sky is bright, the world has bliss in store :
 Ring on, ring on ! for pleasure found,
 And hope, that long shall last :
 Ring merrily, ye chimes, evermore !

FAREWELL TO THE WOODLANDS.

[Air: SINCE HODGE PROVES UNGRATEFUL.]

I.

FAREWELL to the woodlands, farewell to the bowers,
Farewell to the home of our happiest hours,
To pleasant companions, to mirth and to song,
And the kind-hearted friends we have cherish'd so
 long :
Our cares and our duties forbid us to stay,
But our thoughts shall be with you wherever we
 stray ;
And we'll long for the summer to smile on the plain,
To bid us return to the woodlands again.

II.

And joyous to us shall the memories be
That cling to the scenes where our hearts were so
 free :
If care should perplex us, if sorrow should frown,
Or weariness follow the moil of the town,
We'll think of the days when our faces were bright,
With the rambles of morn and the songs of the night ;
And cherish the hope, amid winter and rain,
That we'll come back with summer to see you again.

THE MAYING:

AN INVITATION.

I.

FAIR May unveils her ruddy cheek,
 And decks her brow with daisies,
 And scatters blossoms as she goes
 Through fields and forest mazes.
 The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
 Fills all the uplands airy ;
 The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
 Let's go a-Maying, Mary !

II.

I dearly love, in days like this,
 When birds make music o'er us,
 To roam with thee through wildwood paths,
 And listen to their chorus :
 To help thee over crags and stiles,
 And take thy hand in leaping,
 And, out and in, to see thy face
 Through leaves and branches peeping.

III.

Ten years have pass'd since first I saw
 Thy fresh and budding beauty ;
 And love has ripen'd with the years,
 And link'd itself with duty.
 In life's young Spring I swore to thee
 A truth that should not vary ;
 And now, in Summer of my days,
 love thee better, Mary !

IV.

Time lays his finger light on thee,—
Thy cheeks are red as peaches ;
Thine eyes are bright as first they glow'd
To hear my youthful speeches.
Thine eldest boy is nine years old,
Thy youngest babe two summers ;
And thou art blooming like a girl
'Mid all the little comers.

V.

Bring all the four into the woods,—
We'll set them gathering posies
Of harebells blue and pimpernels,
Instead of garden roses.
Beneath the trees we'll have one day
Of frolicsome employment ;
And birds shall sing and winds shall blow,
To help us to enjoyment.

VI.

Leave house affairs to shift awhile—
Leave work, and care, and sorrow ;
We'll be the merrier to-day,
And happier to-morrow.
I would not greatly care for life,
If fate and toil contrary
Could not afford me, now and then,
A holiday for Mary.

VII.

And Fate is kind to those who strive
To make existence pleasant,
With harmless joys and simple tastes,
And kindness ever present.
We'll not complain; so come away,
And when we want a treasure,
We'll use these May-day memories
To buy forgotten pleasure.



LOVE'S QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

I.

I SEND a question to my dear
Each morning by the lark,
And every night the nightingale
Brings answer ere the dark.
The question needs no other words,
And this is the reply—
"I'll love thee, dearest, while I live,
"And bless thee if I die."

II.

I send a message by the rose;
It says, "Thou breathing grace,
"Thy modest virtue, like this flower,
"Spreads fragrance round thy place."

The lily brings the answer meet :
 " O thou whom I adore,
 " My heart is spotless as these leaves,
 " And loves thee evermore."



YOUTH'S WARNING.

I.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,
 When life's young pleasures woo,
 That ere you yield you shrive your heart,
 And keep your conscience true !
 For sake of silver spent to-day,
 Why pledge to-morrow's gold ?
 Or in hot blood implant Remorse,
 To grow when blood is cold ?
If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.

II.

To turn the balances of Heaven
 Surpasses mortal power ;
 For every white there is a black,
 For every sweet a sour.
 For every up there is a down,
 For every folly, shame ;
 And retribution follows guilt,
 As burning follows flame.

*If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.*



THE CUCKOO.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH, by Dr. ARNE.]

I.

WHEN daisies pied, and snowdrops pale,
And young May-blossoms, gleaming bright,
And slender lilies of the vale
Have fringed the robes of Spring with white,
The Cuckoo on the hawthorn-tree
Sings all the morning merrily :
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! come forth to play,
The Spring is Nature's holiday.

II.

When children gather wreaths of flowers,
Or plait green rushes into crowns,
And lovers meet at twilight hours,
In woodland corners far from towns,
The soft sweet voice re-echoes still,
Through grove and mead, o'er vale and hill,
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! and seems to say,
O Life, be Love ! O Love, be May !

THE OWL.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH, by DR. ARNE.]

I.

WHEN crisp, cold Winter binds the ground,
 And night's dark shades are gathering round,
 When weary men sit close and warm,
 And children by the ingle swarm,
 And swiftly sails the icy moon,
 The horned Owl begins his tune—
 Tu whit! tu whoo! the merry lay
 Fills all night long his turret gray

II.

The horned Owl sits snugly too,
 When frost makes diamonds of the dew,
 And through the branches bare and hard,
 Like Love behind a window barr'd,
 The moon looks forth with rueful mien;
 He sings his song 'mid ivies green—
 Tu whit! tu whoo!—a hermit old,
 Whose cheerful voice defies the cold.

- III.

A sage and solemn bird is he;
 The stoic of the hollow tree,
 Or watcher in the ruin'd tower,
 Who reads the stars at midnight hour;
 And though his note be harsh or strong,
 'Tis Nature that inspires the song—
 Tu whit! tu whoo!—a merry lay;
 The night has mirth as well as day!

AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

I.

How liberal and lovely
 Is all the varied year !
 The Winter only showers,
 And the Summer only flowers,
 To bring ripe Autumn here.
 When roar'd the wintry tempest,
 When fell the sleet and snow,
 When rush'd the mountain torrents
 In vernal overflow ;
 When fell the sweet spring blossoms
 Into the lap of June,
 And leaves grew thick and juicy
 In many a summer noon :
 'Twas all for sake of Autumn,
 So bountiful and free—
 'Twas all for the golden harvest—
 'Twas all for thee and me !

II.

We've lost the Spring-time glories,
 And pomp of Summer's day ;
 We prized them well and truly,
 But form'd no wish unduly
 That all the months were May.
 We knew, and we were grateful,
 That after these had fled,
 The wheat-stalk, fully laden,
 Would bear a heavy head ;

That mulberries would ripen,
And filberts cluster brown,
And winds through orchards roving
Shake pulpy apples down.
We knew that fruitful Autumn
Would smile on field and tree,
And pour its annual treasure,
And all for thee and me!

III.

And now that we have garner'd
The tribute of the year,
We'll seek our humble fellows
For whom no corn-field yellows,
And bid them to our cheer.
And, grateful for the blessings
So bounteously bestow'd,
We'll share them with the needy
That meet us on the road ;
With the gleaner and the beggar,
And the man of low estate,—
With the widow and the orphan,
And the stranger at our gate.
So shall the Autumn bless us,
And Heaven be pleased to see ;
And the prayers of the sorrow-stricken
Ascend for thee and me!

“I LOVE MY LOVE.”

I.

WHAT is the meaning of the song
 That rings so clear and loud,
 Thou nightingale amid the copse—
 Thou lark above the cloud?
 What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
 Up in the walnut-tree?
 “I love my Love, because I know
 “My Love loves me.”

II.

What is the meaning of thy thought,
 O maiden fair and young?
 There is such pleasure in thine eyes,
 Such music on thy tongue;
 There is such glory on thy face—
 What can the meaning be?
 “I love my Love, because I know
 “My Love loves me.”

III.

O happy words! at Beauty's feet
 We sing them ere our prime;
 And when the early summers pass,
 And Care comes on with Time,
 Still be it ours, in Care's despite,
 To join the chorus free—
 “I love my Love, because I know
 “My Love loves me.”

THE OFFERED FLOWER.

I.

TAKE the flower, and with it
All its meanings deep :
Fancies and emotions
In its petals sleep.
To thy heart I send it,
To evoke a spell,
Full of tender secrets
Which I may not tell.

II.

Take the flower—it carries
Feelings pure and new,
Hopes and aspirations,
And a love most true.
Not as flower, but symbol,
Is it offer'd thee,
Of a thought unspoken,
And a mystery.

III.

Take the flower—its message
Challenges reply ;
Vows, as well as questions,
In its petals lie.
Send me back no questions ;
But let looks alone
Tell me hope's fruition—
Thou wilt be mine own.

YOU LOVE ME NOT.

I.

You love me not as once you loved ;
Your face your truth denies ;
And when you speak of faith unchanged,
I doubt you by your eyes.
A spirit looks from you to me,
Discover'd though unseen,
Whose whispers mingle with your own,
And tell me what you mean.

II.

The secret sympathies of love
Give warning to my pride ;
Your look, your smile, your very touch,
Reveal what you would hide.
I cannot prove the truth I feel,
But, ah ! my heart is sore ;
The dreams of happy love are pass'd,
The world is mine no more.

THE BLUE SKY.

I.

'TIS true that youthful hopes deceive,
But ever the flowers return with Spring ;
That tenderest love has cause to grieve,
But still when the young birds pair they sing
The west winds play with the leaves of May,
And the peach hangs ripe on the garden wall ;
And the blossoms grow and the fountains flow,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

II.

Though Love may fade with early prime,
As the cowslips fade on the fallow lea,
Yet Friendship cheers the face of time,
As the sunshine gilds the apple-tree ;
The morning's pain may be evening's gain,
And sometimes 'mid the flowers we fall ;
And the sun for thee is the light for me,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

III.

The Reason lives when Fancy dies,
For the season's blessings never fail ;
And Winter oft has brighter skies
Than April with her sleet and hail.
Our joys and cares are wheat and tares,
And our griefs, when ripe, like the fruit, must fall ;
And come what will, 'tis justice still,
For the bright blue sky bends over all.

ONCE MY DREAMS, FROM MORN TO NIGHT.

I.

ONCE my dreams, from morn to night,
 Were of bowers enchanted ;
 Fancy built them, and Delight
 All their pathways haunted.
 Thus I stray'd with young Romance,
 Until Time, the warner,
 Roused me from my idle trance,
 In the chimney-corner.

II.

Sitting there while life was new,
 I beheld a treasure,—
 Two bright eyes of tender blue,
 Beaming love and pleasure.
 Round my feet the children play'd,—
 Love was Life's adorer,
 Peace its dwelling-place had made
 In my chimney-corner.

III.

"What," cried I, "are bowers of bliss,
 "Baseless, void, and fleeting,
 "To a happy home like this,
 "With its fond hearts beating?
 "Love, if thou wilt guide my way
 "I'll defy the scorner ;
 "And be happy while I may
 "In the chimney-corner

TRUSTING HEART.

I.

TRUSTING HEART! though men deceive thee,
Though good fortune's noon be past,
Though the friends of summer leave thee,
Fearful of the wintry blast ;
Love remains, if these forsake thee,
True, ay, truer than before ;
Why should worldly sorrows break thee?—
Heart! take courage, sigh no more.

II.

What though tempests gather o'er us?
Storms not always vex the sea ;
Sunshine yet may gleam before us ;
There are calms for thee and me.
Fortune's gifts are unavailing ;
Ours are gifts she never bore,—
Love unchanging, hope unfailing—
Heart! take courage, sigh no more.

O THOU WHO IN DANGER AND STRIFE.

I.

O THOU who in danger and strife
 Wert ever the guide and the friend,
 Whose smiles were the joy of a life,
 Whose counsel was "hope to the end ;"
 Though wild were the storms that are past,
 Though wealth seem'd a withering tree,
 There was balm on the wings of the blast,
 And a spring-time of healing in thee.

II.

I loved thee in days of my youth,
 When Time and its promise were fair,
 But not with the fervour of truth,
 I felt in my sorrow and care.
 I knew not, till men had betray'd,
 How deep thy devotion might be ; -
 Nor found, until hope had decay'd,
 What better than hope was in thee.

III.

The sunshine of Fortune is warm,
 As we bask in its blaze on the hill :
 Come, spirit that govern'd the storm,
 And temper prosperity still !
 Like the roseate glow of the west,
 That streams on the calm summer sea.
 Thy love shall illumine my breast,
 And my life be reflected from thee.

SIGH NOT! JOY'S IN SEASON.

[Air: THIS GREAT WORLD IS A TROUBLE.]

I.

SIGH not! joy's in season!

Though the world go sometimes wrong,
Can you think to right it,

Drawing faces long?

Laugh, man! think no evil,

Fools alone look always wise:

Sing, man! Nature woos you,

Under sunny skies.

Out, then! out, like childhood!

Mead, grove, glen, and wildwood,

All breathe the breath of heaven, and call you
forth to play.

Laugh, man! Laughing's wholesome!

Sing, man! Why so dolesome?

Come close your musty books, and taste the summer
day!

II.

Wealth wears bird-like pinions,—

Flies away, or drowns, or burns;

Fame dies, slain by scorning;

Lost love ne'er returns.

Laugh, man! Harmless pleasure

Lies around us free as air;

Sing, man! Join our chorus,—

Mirth has music rare.

Faint heart! Over the ferry
 Rows best he who's merry,
 While Sadness ever drifts entangled in the stream.
 Laugh, man! Laughing's wholesome;
 Sing, man! Why so dolesome?
 Bright shines the summer sun—come forth and
 share its beam!



JOYS OF THE PAST.

I.

Joys of the past! are they vanish'd for ever?
 Flow'rets soon gather'd and sooner decay'd;
 Ripples of light upon Time's flowing river,
 Lost with the breath o'er its bosom that stray'd?
 No; there are hours in the heart's happy sadness,
 When they return, amid sunshine and rain;
 Memory, bright as a rainbow of gladness,
 Spans the dark sky with their beauty again.

II.

Visions of glory, half cloud and half splendour,
 Flash on the soul, looking back through the years;
 Hopes that were lofty, and loves that were tender,
 Gleam through the haze of our passionate tears.
 Vainly, oh! vainly our hearts would restore them;
 Fair though they glitter, how quickly they're gone!
 Echoes that die with the music that bore them,
 Lights that are darken'd the moment they've
 shone.

THE ONLY SHILLING.

I.

ROAMING through the wild wood
 In a morn of May,
 Blithe as happy childhood,
 Singing care away ;
 Sunshine sparkled o'er me,
 Life was new and fair ;
 The way was broad before me,
 And joy was in the air.

II.

One remember'd shilling
 Was my only wealth ;
 But my hand was willing,
 I had youthful health,
 Fancies, full of riches,
 And a heart of grace,
 And hopes, the lovely witches !
 That look'd me in the face.

III.

“Fortune ! you may flout me !
 “I am rich,” quoth I ;
 “Reckon, if you doubt me,
 “What your gold can buy.
 “Can it purchase pleasures,
 “Such as health affords ?
 “And strength and hope are treasures,
 “As rich as any lord's.

IV.

"Hand for honest labour,
 "Head to hope the best ;
 "Heart to love my neighbour,
 "Faith for all the rest :
 "These, and power to use them,
 "Are the wealth I hold ;
 "And fool I'd be to lose them,
 "For all Australia's gold.

V.

"Shilling, if I spend thee,
 "Still the fountains run !
 "Shilling, if I lend thee,
 "Others may be won !
 "Fortune, if you love me,
 "You can seek my door ;
 "If not, there's Heaven above me,
 "And ne'er will I deplore."

VI.

Thus, in Life's young morning,
 Singing as I went,
 Fear and danger scorning,
 I was still content.
 Fortune never hail'd me,—
 None the worse I've sped ;
 For courage never fail'd me,
 Nor yet my daily bread.

COULD WE RECALL DEPARTED JOYS.

I.

COULD we recall departed joys,
At price of parted pain,
Oh, who that prizes happy hours
Would live his life again?
Such burning tears as once we shed,
No pleasure can repay ;—
Pass to oblivion, joys and griefs!
We're thankful for To-day!

II.

Calm be the current of our lives,
As rivers deep and clear :
Mild be the light upon our path,
To guide us and to cheer.
For streams of joy that burst and foam
May leave their channels dry,
And deadliest lightnings ever flash
The brightest in the sky.

THE DAY HAS GONE.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

OH! the day has gone, the mournful day!
 It pass'd with the midnight chime,
 Like a sear leaf from the tree,
 Like a rain-drop in the sea,
 Like a sob from the heart of Time.

II.

Oh! the day has gone, the wasted day!
 It brought us both joy and pain,—
 A pleasure that has fled,
 And a sorrow that is dead;—
 They shall never revive again!

III.

With the day that's gone let Sorrow go!
 We bore it without a tear:
 It was well inclined to stay,
 But we reason'd it away,
 And we gave it no welcome here.

IV.

And though the joys with the griefs are lost,
 Like the snow-flakes on the stream,
 There are others to be born
 On the sunlight of the morn;—
 Let us smile in their purple beam!

V.

Lo! the day is dead! good night, good night!
 And the day is born—good day!
 There's a voice upon the blast,
 And the sand is falling fast;—
 Let us sing and rejoice while we may!



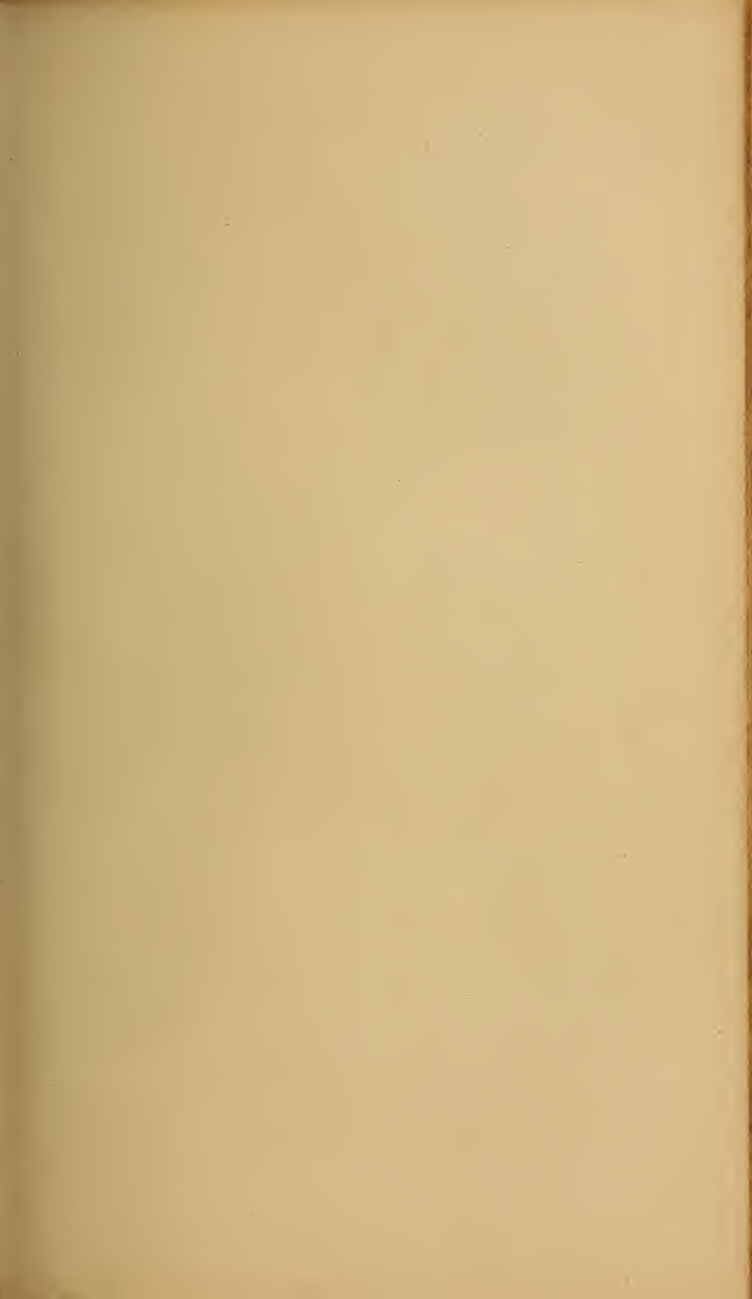
THE SUNSHINE AND THE RAIN.

I.

OH, where would be the golden corn,
 And where the ripe red wine—
 The rich man's wealth, the poor man's health,
 Wer't not for summer shine?
 And where would be the sheep and beeves,
 And plenty of the plain,
 And where the light of beauty's eyes,
 If 'twere not for the rain?

II.

There's no man rich, there's no man poor,—
 The sunshine's free to all;
 The meanest beggar ever born
 May thank the rains that fall.
 The grandest gifts that Heaven bestows,
 Are mine and thine in vain,
 If we cannot bless with grateful hearts
 The sunshine and the rain.





THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

[Air: THE JOLLY MILLER.]

I.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold,
 Beside the river Dee ;
 He work'd and sang from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he ;
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be,—
 “I envy nobody : no, not I,
 “And nobody envies me !”

II.

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend !” said old King Hal,
 “Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be ;
 “For could my heart be light as thine,
 “I’d gladly change with thee.
 “And tell me now what makes thee sing
 “With voice so loud and free,
 “While I am sad, though I’m the King,
 “Beside the river Dee ?”

III.

The miller smiled and doff’d his cap :
 “I earn my bread,” quoth he ;
 “I love my wife, I love my friend,
 “I love my children three ;
 “I owe no penny I cannot pay ;—
 “I thank the river Dee,
 “That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
 “To feed my babes and me.”

IV.

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sigh'd the while
 "Farewell! and happy be;
 "But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 "That no one envies thee.
 "Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
 "Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
 "Such men as thou are England's boast,
 "O miller of the Dee!"



DUKE HUMPHREY'S DINNER.

I.

WITH Humphrey the Duke long ago,
 I dined in the cold open air;
 The wind whistled keen o'er the snow,
 And my cloak was as fine as my fare.
 The banquet we spread
 Was the best fancy bread,
 And our drink was of water, the mother of wine;
 But the talk that we had,
 Though 'twas sober and sad,
 Was as brave, Father Money, as thine.

II.

For Humphrey, though haughty, is free,
 And teaches his truths to the wise,
 And the lessons he offer'd to me
 Were pearls that a Cræsus might prize.

I've learn'd from that time
 How to gather and climb ;
 I've feasted the noble, the great, the desired ;
 But never since then,
 From the sagest of men,
 Learn'd half what my Humphrey inspired.

III.

'Twere vain, O ye Mighty and High,
 To tell you the truths that he told ;
 In the deeps of a well never dry,
 They rest in the darkness and cold.
 Who never was down,
 Be he noble or clown,
 May find in Duke Humphrey small wit to commend ;
 But in sorrow and pain,
 There is wisdom to gain,
 By all who make Humphrey their friend.



MEADOW-SWEET.

I.

ROSE! we love thee for thy splendour,
 Lily! for thy queenly grace!
 Violet! for thy lowly merit,
 Peeping from thy shady place!
 But mine airy, woodland fairy,
 Scattering odours at thy feet,
 No one knows thy modest beauty,
 No one loves thee, Meadow-Sweet!

II.

Yet thou'rt fair and worth a blessing,—
 Let me give it as I pass,—
 And detect thee, ere I see thee,
 'Mid the circling ferns and grass.
 Charm of many a woodland valley,
 Balm-bestower! boon complete!
 Unbepraised in song or story—,
 Take my blessing, Meadow-Sweet!



THE DANGERS.

I.

OH, child! beware!
 The treacherous stream runs deep;
 The ice may glitter fair,
 Yet be too soft thy weight to bear.
 Stay, infant, stay! nor 'tempt the dangerous leap;
 For winter frost, as thou wilt find,
 Is often false as summer wind.

II.

Fond youth! beware!
 The glory in thine eyes,
 Or dream of love so fair,
 May fade, and leave thee to despair.
 Stay, young man, stay! be cautious and be wise;
 For Love and Glory lure astray,
 And scatter heart-aches on the way.

III.

Old age! beware!
 Why should thy heart grow cold?
 Earth has no sight less fair
 Than starveling Avarice and Care.
 Stay, old man, stay! nor hoard thine idle gold;
 For he who worships wealth alone,
 Shall have his heart for burial-stone!



WHAT! BANISH LOVE?

I.

WHAT! banish love from English song,
 To please a prudish fancy,
 And sing no more of Jane or Kate,
 Of Mary or of Nancy?
 Yes! if you'll banish light from day,
 Or stars when evening closes,
 Or happy smiles from beauty's eyes,
 Or odour from the roses!

II.

The love we sing is love refined,
 As pure as English beauty;
 As warm and true as English hearts,
 And stanch as English duty.
 We'll banish it from English song,
 When looks no more reveal it!
 And tongues and eyes confess, with truth,
 That hearts have ceased to feel it!

KING ALFRED.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

KING ALFRED went forth to the camp of the Dane,
 And tuned his sweet harp for the foe ;
 He thought of his country with sorrow and pain,
 And sigh'd for her glory laid low.
 Then striking his hand o'er the answering chords,
 Of love and its pleasures he sang,
 Till the gathering crowd beat applause with their
 swords,
 And their tents with the melody rang.

II.

“Come, sing us a song of the full-flowing bowl!”
 Exclaim'd the proud foe, as he play'd ;—
 The minstrel, though sadness lay deep on his soul,
 Look'd round with a smile, and obey'd :—
 “Who drinks the deep draught shall be strong in
 the fight,
 “Who drains to the dregs is a king!”
 Again they applauded :—“We'll pledge you to-
 night :—
 “'Tis thus that a minstrel should sing!”

III.

Then changing his theme, came the tune, like a wave :
 “When haughty invaders defy,
 “His fame shall be first on the roll of the brave—
 “Who meets them, to conquer or die :

“His name shall ascend in the prayers of the free——”

“Beware !” said the foe,—“we are strong ;

“The minstrel is safe, but another than he

“Might have paid with his life for his song !”



STAY ! STAY ! VISION OF YOUTH AND GRACE !

[Air : OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

STAY ! stay ! vision of youth and grace !

Stay ! stay ! radiant and happy face !

Stay ! stay ! light of our dwelling-place !

Sad in thine absence we'll be.

Thy smile was like sunshine, it glitter'd so cheerly ;

Thy voice was like music, it rang out so clearly ;

We knew not till now that we loved you so dearly :

Our home will be dark without thee.

II.

Stay ! stay ! loving and kindly heart !

Stay ! stay ! joy is where'er thou art !

Stay ! stay ! wherefore so soon depart,

Leaving us here in our pain ?

Yet if, like the spring, to new lands thou art going,

To scatter thy smiles like sweet primroses growing,

We'll hope that with beauty and grace overflowing,

Like spring, thou wilt come back again.

INDIFFERENCE.

I.

SCORN'D by one I loved too fondly,
 Pain'd by Passion, sad of heart,
 To mine aid Indifference hasten'd,
 Bidding tyrant Love depart.
 Oh, the sorrow deep and lasting!
 Love, though vanquish'd as I bade,
 Fled and left a colder tyrant
 Master of mine heart betray'd.

II.

All the charms of life and fancy
 Wither'd in the sudden blight;
 Friendship pined for Love's departure,
 Hope grew careless of delight;
 Music lost her voice of rapture,
 Earth its beauty, Heaven its glow;
 Fountains fill'd with joy, were frozen
 When my tears refused to flow.

III.

"Oh, return, return, for pity!"
 In my loneliness I cried;
 "Love is better, e'en though hopeless,
 "Than Indifference and Pride.
 "Oh, return, sweet rose of pleasure!
 "Come with all thy flowers of pain;—
 Love rewards its own endurance;
 "Come, sweet Tyrant, back again!"

THE MINSTREL'S CONSOLATION.

[Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men (the minstrels) had sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the thirty ninth year of Elizabeth a statute was passed by which minstrels "wandering abroad" were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such.—PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.]

I.

DARK is our fortune ! deep is our sorrow !
 Harp of my country ! I wander forlorn ;
 Hope throws no longer light on the morrow ;
 Our name and our art are the by-words of
 scorn.

II.

Friend of my sadness, harp that I cherish !
 Favour and glory and fame may depart,
 Still shalt thou cheer me ; Song shall not perish
 While Freedom and Love have a home in the
 heart.

III.

Poor men unheeding,—rich men impeding,—
 All may neglect us, or scorn if they will ;
 Yet shall thy music, loud and triumphant,
 Rise and be heard in the wilderness still.

IV.

Tyrants shall fear and freemen shall love us,
 Friends of the right and the foes of the wrong !
 Wake up, despised one ! heaven is above us ;
 Oh, wake and respond to the soul of my song !

SEASONS AND REASONS.

I.

I LOVE my love in Spring-time,
For beauty fresh as May,
For cheeks like early roses,
For eyes as bright as day ;
For breath like balm of lilies,
For smiles like sunrise clear ;
I love my love in Spring-time,
And love her all the year.

II.

I love my love in Summer,
For promise warm and true,
For truth, like noon-day, throwing
A light o'er old and new ;
For wealth of bloom and freshness,
And shady comfort near ;
I love my love in Summer,
And love her all the year.

III.

I love my love in Autumn,
For fruit of gentle deeds,
For wisdom to be garner'd,
To serve our future needs ;
For virtues ripening ever,
Like harvests full in ear ;
I love my love in Autumn,
And love her all the year.

IV.

I love my love in Winter,
 For charities untold,
 For warmth of household welcome,
 For looks that thaw the cold ;
 For harmless mirth and pastime,
 As rich as Christmas cheer ;
 I love my love in Winter,
 And love her all the year.



THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

[Air: HEIGHO! THE WIND AND THE RAIN.]

I.

My hopes are cross'd, my joys are lost,
Heigho! the wind and the rain!
 My winter comes in time of May,
And the rain it raineth every day;
 I wake forlorn each weary morn—
 Will sunshine never gleam again?

II.

The proud man smiles, the harsh reviles—
Heigho! the wind and the rain!
 I pass alone through Life's dull way,
For the rain it raineth every day;
 Yet, ah! not so! though wild winds blow
 The sun shall pierce the clouds again.

III.

And though the worst around me burst—
Heigho ! the wind and the rain !
 Above the storms I'll find a ray,—
Though the rain it raineth every day :
 From winter showers come summer flowers ;—
 The light shall cheer the dark again.



ALAS, POOR THINGS!

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

ALTHOUGH the May-blooms wither
 Ere June's a fortnight old,
 And green leaves turn to yellow
 When nights grow long and cold ;
 Though beauty bright, our heart's delight,
 Scarce lasts a dozen springs,
 Leaf, flower, and maid, are born to fade :—
 Alas, poor things !

II.

And guineas too, that Fortune
 Strews round his path who strives,
 Fly off ere we can count them,
 Or stay to plague our lives ;
 But let them go like melting snow,
 Or sweets that summer flings !
 They give us cheer while they are here :
 Alas, poor things !

III.

But still, though loves desert us,
Or pleasures die away,
We'll prize them while we hold them,
Nor weep when they decay.
No grief of ours can save the flowers,
Or clip Enjoyment's wings;
Then why deplore? we'll sigh no more:
Alas, poor things!

'MID THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

[Air: JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.]

I.

WHEN swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And reapers bind the barley-sheaves;
When peaches peep amid the leaves,
And woodbines scent the way,—
We love to fly the smoky town,
To breathe the air of woodlands brown;
To join our hands and form a ring,
To laugh and sport, to dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

II.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue,
Quoth he, "I'm LOVE, the young and true;
"I wish to pass an hour with you,
"This pleasant summer day."

"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!

"And who's your friend?" — "'Tis FRIENDSHIP'S
self!"

"Come each, come both, our sports to share;

"There's welcome kind, and room to spare,

"Amid the new-mown hay."

III.

The ring is form'd; but who are these?

"Come, tell your errand, if you please;

"You look so sour and ill at ease,

"You dim the face of day."—

"AMBITION!" "JEALOUSY!" and "STRIFE!"

And "SCORN!" and "WEARINESS OF LIFE!"—

"If such your names, we hate your kin;

"The place is full, you can't come in,

"Amid the new-mown hay."

IV.

Another guest comes bounding by,

With brow unwrinkled, fair and high,

With sunburnt face and roguish eye,

And asks our leave to stay.

Quoth he, "I'm FUN, your right good friend!"—

"Come in, come in! with you we'll end!"

And thus we frolic in a ring,

And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing,

Amid the new-mown hay.

SAY NO MORE THAT LOVE DECEIVES.

I.

SAY no more that Love deceives ;
 Love that's worthy of the name,
 Hopes, confides, endures, believes,
 In all fortune still the same,—
 Born with Truth, as heat with flame.
 If through the heart that Love might fill,
 One thought of change or falsehood rove,
 Our tongues may name it what they will ;
 'Tis earthly feeling,
 Its taint revealing ;
 But, ah ! we may not call it Love.

II.

Selfish Pleasure often wears
 Love's pure garments for disguise ;
 And the mask that Fancy wears,
 Seems like Love to careless eyes,
 And Folly round Indifference flies.
 But Love itself is ever true ;
 No guile profanes his radiant face ;
 His robes are of celestial hue :
 From heaven descending,
 O'er mortals bending,
 He points to Heaven—his dwelling-place.

THE WINES.

I.

WHENCE comest thou,
O lady rare,
With soft blue eyes
And flaxen hair,
And showers of ringlets
Clustering fair?
And what hast thou got
In that bowl of thine?—
“I come,” quoth she,
“From the beautiful Rhine,
“And in my bowl
“Is the amber wine.
“Pure as gold
“Without alloy,
“Mild as moonlight,
“Strong as joy;
“Taste, and treasure it—
“Drink, but measure it—
“Thirsty boy!”

II.

And who art thou,
So ruddy and bright,
With round full eyes
Of passionate light,
And clustering tresses
Dark as night?
And what hast thou drawn
From the teeming tun?—

"I come," quoth she,
 "From the blue Garonne,
 "Where the vines are kiss'd
 "By the bountiful sun,
 "And the regal Claret,
 "Kind, though coy,
 "Flushes the hills
 "With purple joy.
 "Taste, and treasure it—
 "Drink, but measure it—
 "Thirsty boy!"

III.

And whence art thou,
 With bounding tread,
 With cheeks like morning,
 Rosy red,
 And eyes like meteors
 In thy head?
 And what dost thou pour
 Like jewell'd rain?—
 "I come," quoth she,
 "From the sunny plain,
 "And bear a flagon
 "Of bright Champagne,—
 "Age's cordial,
 "Beauty's toy,—
 "Dancing, glancing,
 "Wine of Joy.
 "Taste, and treasure it—
 "Drink, but measure it—
 "Thirsty boy!"

THE WOODMAN.

[Air: DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.]

I.

FIVE hundred years the royal tree
 Has waved in the woods his branches free ;
 But king no longer shall he stand,
 To cast his shadow o'er the land ;
 The hour has come when he must die :—
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !

II.

No more beneath his spreading boughs
 Shall lovers breathe their tender vows ;
 No more with early fondness mark
 Their names upon his crinkled bark,
 Or idly dream and softly sigh :—
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !

III.

The lightning stroke has o'er him pass'd,
 And never harm'd him, first or last ;
 But mine are strokes more sure, I trust,
 To lay his forehead in the dust ;
 My hatchet falls,—the splinters fly :—
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !

IV.

But yet, although I smite him down,
 And cast to earth his forest crown,

The good old tree shall live again,
 To plough deep furrows o'er the main,
 And flaunt his pennant to the sky :—
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !

V.

Full-breasted to the favouring breeze,
 He shall be monarch of the seas,
 And bear our Britain's triumphs far,
 In calm or tempest, peace or war ;
 'Tis but to live that he must die :—
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !



THE THREE FLOWERS.

I.

SHE wore three flowers upon her breast,
 The white, the red, the blue,—
 The snowy whiteness for the pure,
 The azure for the true ;
 And last the red, the rosy red,
 All moist with morning dew.

II.

“ Oh, keep,” I cried, “ the flowers you love,—
 “ The violet shy and fair,
 “ And let the white camellia gleam
 “ Amid your flowing hair ;
 “ But give, oh, give me back the rose,
 “ To cherish and to wear.

III.

" You need it not ; your glowing cheeks
 " Its freshest bloom excel ;
 " And sweeter odours haunt your lips
 " Than in its petals dwell ;
 " And there are meanings in the flower
 " More deep than I can tell."

IV.

She sent it back ; she knew the thought
 Amid its leaves that lay ;
 And thus were mutual hopes confess'd,
 By symbols pure as they ;
 And thus I won my blushing bride,
 One happy summer day.



THE DEPARTURE OF MERLIN.

[It is recorded in ancient legends, that when Merlin, the great seer and enchanter of the early Britons, set sail from England on that northern voyage whence he never returned, he sailed in a vessel of glass ; and that the Britons, sorely distressed and perplexed, implored him to grant them a final boon in the shape of a wall of brass to encircle the whole island.]

I.

ERE Merlin departed, and spread the bright sail
 Of his vessel of glass to the favouring gale,
 The Britons lamenting, his pity implored,
 And pray'd him to tarry, their teacher and lord.
 "Return," they exclaim'd, "be our guide and our friend,
 "And build us, O Merlin, a wall to defend !

II.

“ A rampart of brass to encircle our isle,
“ That foes may not enter by force or by guile :
“ Their numbers are many, their captains are strong ;
“ They ravage our coasts, and have plunder'd us long.
“ O Merlin ! great Merlin ! thy promise we claim,
“ And ages unnumber'd shall hallow thy name ! ”

III.

A voice from the ship sounded loud o'er the land :
“ Unworthy of freedom, why sleeps the right hand ?
“ Who hides under ramparts with blood in his veins,
“ But welcomes the tyrant, and sues for his chains.
“ Degenerate Britons ! ye shame of the sea !
“ The souls of the brave are the walls of the free ! ”

IV.

In tempest and lightning great Merlin set forth,
And turn'd his weird ship to the mists of the North ;
But ever an echo came over the wave,—
“ A nation's defence is the souls of the brave ! ”
The Britons, sad-hearted, remain'd on the shore ;
But Merlin was seen in their isles never more.



THE DEATH-SONG OF THALIESSIN.

I.

I HAVE a people of my own,
 And great or small, whate'er they be,
 'Tis Harp and Harper, touch and tone—
 There's music between them and me.

II.

And let none say, when low in death
 The soul-inspiring minstrel lies,
 That I misused my hand or breath,
 For favour in my people's eyes.

III.

Whate'er my faults as mortal man,
 Let foes revive them if they must!
 And yet a grave is ample span
 To hide their memory with my dust!

IV.

But give, oh! give me what I claim,—
 The Harper's meed, the Minstrel's crown—
 I never sang for sake of Fame,
 Or clutch'd at baubles of renown.

V.

I spoke my thought, I sang my song,
 Because I pitied, felt, and knew;
 I never glorified a wrong,
 Or sang approval of th' untrue.

VI.

And if I touch'd the people's heart,
 Is that a crime in true men's eyes,
 Or desecration of an art
 That speaks to human sympathies?

VII.

As man, let men my worth deny ;
 As Harper, by my harp I stand,
 And dare the Future to deny
 The might that quiver'd from my hand.

VIII.

A King of Bards, though scorn'd and poor,
 I feel the crown upon my head,
 And Time shall but the more secure
 My right to wear it.—I have said.



CARELESS.

SPRING gave me a friend, and a true, true love ;—
 The summer went carolling by,
 And the autumn brown'd, and the winter frown'd,
 And I sat me down to sigh ;
 My friend was false for the sake of gold,
 Ere the farmer stack'd his rye ;
 And my true love changed with the fickle west wind,
 Ere winter dull'd the sky :
 But the bees are humming—a new spring 's coming,
 And none the worse am I !

THE RAPID STREAM.

[Air: PARTHENIA.]

I.

O STREAMLET! swiftly flowing,
Down through the corn-fields going,
Stay thy course with me.
For us the skylarks sing,
For us awakes the Spring;
There's time to spare, the earth is fair;
Why hurry to the sea?

II.

The sky is bright above thee,
Silvery branches love thee,
Bending to the reeds;
No mill with busy wheel,
Or ship with ploughing keel,
With sad unrest disturbs thy breast,
Amid thy flowery meads.

III.

Ambition's voice may woo thee,
Glory and Gold may sue thee;
All are empty breath.
The end is still the same,
And Power, and Wealth, and Fame,
But run at last through deserts vast,
To swell the sea of Death.

IV.

Then why, without enjoying
Pleasures around us toying,
 Pass our rapid day?
Our cares will come full soon,
Beneath the icy moon,
And we'll behold the ocean cold ;—
 Let's linger while we may!



A LOVER'S DREAMS.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

I DREAM'D thou wert a fairy Harp,
 Untouch'd by mortal hand,
And I the voiceless, sweet west wind,
 A roamer through the land.
I touch'd, I kiss'd thy trembling strings,
 And lo! my common air
Throbb'd with emotion caught from thee,
 And turn'd to music rare.

II.

I dream'd thou wert a Rose in bloom,
 And I the gale of spring,
That sought the odours of thy breath,
 And bore them on my wing.

No poorer thou, but richer I,—
 So rich, that far at sea,
 The grateful mariners were glad,
 And bless'd both thee and me.

III.

I dream'd thou wert the Evening Star
 And I a lake at rest,
 That saw thine image all the night
 Reflected on my breast.
 Too far!—too far!—come dwell on Earth,
 Be Harp and Rose of May;—
 I need thy music in my heart,—
 Thy fragrance on my way.



CASTLE ATHELSTONE.

I.

THROUGH porch and hall the ivies creep,
 In Beauty's bower the wild winds weep,
 The raven haunts the turret lone;
 Alas for fallen Athelstone!

II.

No more the earls and knights of old,
 In pomp and pride of steel and gold,
 With nodding plumes and trumpet-tone,
 Come down to mighty Athelstone.



III.

No more their sons, the rich and great,
 Receive the needy at their gate ;
 And call the fruitful shire their own :
 Their names are lost in Athelstone.

IV.

No more their daughters, fair and proud,
 Demand the homage of the crowd ;
 Their smiles made light where'er they shone :
 Their place is dark in Athelstone !

V.

Their last descendant toils for bread,
 And mourns the glory that has fled ;
 In distant lands he dwells unknown,
 And sighs for ruin'd Athelstone !



THE HAUNTED BALL-ROOM.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

HARK ! sweet music's airy measure,
 Throbbing up in waves of song !
 What have I to do with pleasure ?
 Let me fly the joyous throng.
 For she comes amid the dancers,
 Woman-shaped,—a dream,—a breath !
 Let me fly !—fly ! fly from anguish !
 Fly, fly from living death !

II.

Dripping wet, with garments trailing,
 I behold her, lost too soon,
 Through the filmy twilight sailing
 Slow between me and the moon.
 Evermore her lifted finger
 Points reproachful to my breast;—
 Let me die!—die! die for pity!
 Die! die! and be at rest!

III.

Oh, the melancholy river!
 O'er her face the waters roll;
 Heaven forgive her, and receive her!—
 There's a darkness on my soul!
 Great the wrong, and great the sorrow;
 None can tell the pangs I bear;
 For she's lost!—lost! lost for ever!
 Lost! lost! to my despair!



THE HAWTHORN AND THE IVY.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

THE Hawthorn bloom'd to the vernal air,
 Merry and free in the woodland fair,
 Attired in garments nuptial white,
 She was a glory to the sight;
 Her breath was sweeter than the morn:
 A beautiful tree was the wild Hawthorn.

II.

The Ivy rooted by her side,
Woo'd and won her for his bride ;
She was fain to be embraced,—
He twined his arms about her waist :
“ Oh joy ! ” said he, “ that I was born,
“ To love this beautiful wild Hawthorn ! ”

III.

Alas ! for this world of grief and pain !
Wed, not mated, were the twain :
She was tender, mild, and true ;
He was selfish, through and through,
And waved his leaves to the winds, in scorn
Of his blossoming, beautiful, wild Hawthorn.

IV.

She could not drink the dew or shower,
Or feel the warmth of Summer's hour ;
The Ivy stood between her heart
And all the life the skies impart :
She pined, she sigh'd, she lived forlorn,
And died in her sorrow—the wild Hawthorn !



THE EGLANTINE.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

MODEST brier ! odour shedding
Down the lanes to cottage doors ;
Morn herself, if failing sweetness,
Might replenish from thy stores.
Charm of wild woods ! humbly virtuous ;
Heedless thou to flaunt or shine ;—
Rich men praise thee, poor men bless thee,
Shy but lovely Eglantine !

II.

Clad in garments white as lilies,
Newly wash'd by April's tears,
Scattering smiles like sunshine round her,
Lo ! my love, my queen, appears.
Fragrant brier ! like the maiden !
Fair, but prizing virtue best ;
Freshly gather'd, love inviting,
Go and bloom upon her breast !

LOVE; NEW AND OLD.

I.

AND were they not the happy days,
 When Love and I were young,
 When Earth was robed in Heavenly light,
 And all creation sung?
 When gazing in my true love's face,
 Through greenwood alleys lone,
 I guess'd the secrets of her heart,
 By whispers of mine own?

II.

And are they not the happy days,
 When Love and I are old,
 And silver Evening has replaced
 A Morn and Noon of gold?
 Love stood alone 'mid youthful joy;
 But now, by Sorrow tried,
 It sits, and calmly looks to Heaven,
 With angels at its side.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

WHO shall be fairest?
 Who shall be rarest?
 Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
 She who is kindest
 When Fortune is blindest,
 Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring;
 Charm of our gladness,
 Friend of our sadness,
 Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!
 She shall be fairest,
 She shall be rarest,
 She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

II.

Who shall be nearest,
 Noblest, and dearest,
 Named but with honour and pride evermore?
 He, the undaunted,
 Whose banner is planted
 On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's Duty before!
 He shall be nearest,
 He shall be dearest,
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

ENGLISH VIRTUES.

[Air: THE BRITISH GRENADEIER.]

I.

THE virtues of Old England!
 We'll count them if we can,
 And prove to all who doubt us
 What makes the Englishman;
 What makes us stand the foremost
 Among the brave and free!
 What did our sires in days of old,
 And what in ours will we.

II.

From Agincourt and Cressy,
 To Nile and Inkermann,
 We've shown the wondering nations
 What English valour can.
 Our foes have felt our courage
 In every clime and sea;
 Our fathers stood like solid oak,
 And so, to death, will we.

III.

In times when evil fortune
 Assail'd our country's cause,
 Around the throne we've rallied,
 Defenders of our laws;
 Around the throne and altar,
 And home, the sheltering tree;
 Thus did of old our loyal sires,
 And so, true hearts, will we.

IV.

Our ships in ev'ry ocean
 Are messengers of peace ;
 They carry happy tidings,
 And bid the world increase.
 Our traders thrive by honour ;
 Their words and bonds agree !
 Our fathers wrought for honest gold,
 And won it—so will we.

V.

And in all times and places,
 We cherish woman's worth ;
 Through all our isles we own her
 The love-light of the earth ;
 To youth and age we offer
 Respect and bended knee ;
 Thus did our sires, and taught their sons,
 And so, true hearts, will we.

VI.

And if we're rich and thriving,
 We'll keep an open door ;
 If poor ourselves, the poorer
 Shall taste our little store.
 The hospitable wine-cup
 Shall circle in our glee ;—
 Our fathers spread the welcome board,
 And so, true hearts, will we.

VII.

The virtues of Old England !
 We'll prove them, if we can !
 And show to all who doubt us
 What makes the Englishman ;
 What makes us stand the foremost
 Among the brave and free.
 Thus did our sires in days of old,
 And so, true hearts, will we !



THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

I.

I'VE a letter from thy sire,
 Baby mine, Baby mine !
 I can read and never tire,
 Baby mine !
 He is sailing o'er the sea—
 He is coming back to thee—
 He is coming home to me,
 Baby mine !

II.

He's been parted from us long,
 Baby mine, Baby mine !
 But if hearts be true and strong,
 Baby mine !

They shall brave Misfortune's blast,
And be overpaid at last
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
Baby mine!

III.

Oh, I long to see his face,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
In his old accustom'd place,
Baby mine!
Like the rose of May in bloom—
Like a star amid the gloom—
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine!

IV.

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
Thou wilt know him by his voice,
Baby mine!
By his love-looks that endear—
By his laughter ringing clear—
By his eyes that know not fear,
Baby mine!

V.

I'm so glad—I cannot sleep,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
I'm so happy—I could weep,
Baby mine!
He is sailing o'er the sea—
He is coming home to me—
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine!

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

PART II.—THE APPROACHING SHIP.

I.

O'ER the blue ocean gleaming,
 She sees a distant ship,
 As small to view
 As the white sea-mew
 Whose wings in the billows dip.
 "Blow, favouring gales, in her answering sails!
 "Blow steadily and free!
 "Rejoicing, strong,
 "Singin' a song
 "Her rigging and her spars among,
 "And waft the vessel in pride along,
 "That bears my love to me."

II.

Nearer—still nearer driving,
 The white sails grow and swell;
 Clear to her eyes
 The pennant flies,
 And the flag she knows so well.
 "Blow, favouring gales, in her answering sails!
 "Waft him, oh, gentle sea!
 "And still, O heart,
 "Thy fluttering start!
 "Why throb and beat as thou wouldst part,
 "When all so happy and bless'd thou art?
 "He comes again to thee!"

III.

The swift ship drops her anchor ;
 A boat puts off for shore ;
 Against its prow
 The ripples flow,
 To the music of the oar.

“And art thou here, mine own, my dear,

“Safe from the perilous sea?—

“Safe, safe at home,

“No more to roam!

“Blow, tempests, blow,—my love has come,—

“And sprinkle the clouds with your dashing
 foam!

“He shall part no more from me!”



THE LAST QUARREL.

I.

THE last time that we quarrell'd, love,
 It was an April day,
 And through the gushing of the rain
 That beat against the window pane,
 We saw the sunbeams play.

The linnet never ceased its song,

Merry it seem'd, and free;—

“Your eyes have long since made it up,

“And why not lips?” quoth he.

You thought—I thought—and so 'twas done,

Under the greenwood tree.

II.

The next time that we quarrel, love,—
 Far distant be the day
 Of chiding look or angry word!—
 We'll not forget the little bird
 That sang upon the spray.
 Amid your tears, as bright as rain
 When Heaven's fair bow extends,
 Your eyes shall mark where love begins,
 And cold estrangement ends.
 You'll think—I'll think—and, as of old,
 You'll kiss me, and be friends.



TIME AND THE SPRING.

I.

“OH! spare my tender flowers!
 “My lilies born of light,
 “My snowy apple-blooms,
 “My roses, red and white,—
 “Oh! spare them every one!”
 Said Spring the young and fair,
 To Time, whose hand had strewn
 Her blossoms in the air.
 “Why should they perish
 “That fill the world with joy?
 “Be kind, O Time, and spare them,—
 “’Tis cruel to destroy!”

II.

"O foolish maid!" said Time,
 "Renounce the idle suit;—
 "To grant it would deprive
 "The Autumn of its fruit.
 "Be thankful for the gifts
 "That bounteous Heaven bestows;
 "Enjoy them while they last,
 "Nor mourn the fading rose.
 "The world would weary,
 "Did night not follow day;
 "And Spring herself would perish,
 "If every month were May."



FLOWERS IN THE STREAM.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

WHAT flowerets, O river!
 Fast flowing for ever,
 I threw on thy bosom
 In youth's early day,
 O river! sad river,
 Fast flowing away!
 Hope blooming brightly,
 Joy springing lightly,
 Love, fair as sunshine,
 And born in its ray;
 O river! sad river,
 I mourn their decay!

II.

Serenely thou flowest,
 Rejoicing thou goest,
 While *I* stand lamenting
 The summers of yore,
 O river! sad river,
 Alone on thy shore!
 Love unrequited,
 Hopes that are blighted,
 Joys long departed,
 Thou canst not restore ;—
 O river! dark river,
 They blossom no more!



UNHAPPY JOHN.

i.

UNHAPPY JOHN doubts woman's truth,
 And vows true love is dead and gone :—
 Why?—He was jilted in his youth ;
 A false fair maid abandon'd John.
 Because he found one canker'd peach,
 All fruit is worthless in his eyes ;—
 Come forth, ye gentle souls, and teach
 The selfish craven how he lies ;
 Come forth, ye ladies bright and fair,
 Point at him your reproving hands,
 And let your eyes your truth declare,
 And shame him where he stands!

II.

Unhappy John is sick of schemes ;
He doubts the use of striving on :
Why?—Something is amiss, it seems,
And failure has dishearten'd John.
He moans in pitiful distress,
Because his projects topple down ;—
Come forth, ye masters of success,
Ye builders of your own renown,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak ;
Show him your hard and blister'd hands ;
Tell him the worth of stroke on stroke,
And shame him where he stands !

III.

Unhappy John distrusts his kind ;
He gives the world his malison :
Why?—He was somewhat weak and blind,
And a false rogue defrauded John.
He thinks misanthropy is right,
If he be cheated of his pelf ;—
Come forth, true souls, and in your light
Depict the bigot to himself !
Come forth, ye generous and good,
With spotless hearts and liberal hands,
Show him the face of brotherhood,
And shame him where he stands !

A HAND TO TAKE.

I.

YOU'RE rich, and yet you are not proud ;
 You are not selfish, hard, or vain ;
 You look upon the common crowd
 With sympathy, and not disdain ;
 You'd travel far to share your gold
 With humble sorrow unconsol'd ;
 You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
 And help the sad and widow'd mother ;
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must !
 I love you as a brother !

II.

YOU'RE poor, and yet you do not scorn
 Or hate the wealthy for their wealth ;
 You toil contented night and morn,
 And prize the gifts of strength and health ;
 You'd share your little with a friend,
 And what you cannot give you'd lend ;
 You take humanity on trust,
 And see some merit in another.
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must !
 I love you as a brother !

III.

And what care I how rich you be !
 I love you if your thoughts are pure.
 What signifies your poverty,
 If you can struggle and endure ?

'Tis not the birds that make the spring ;
 'Tis not the crown that makes the king !
 If you are wise, and good, and just,
 You've riches better than all other ;—
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must !
 I love you as a brother !



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

[Air: LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.]

I.

OVER the mountains
 If Love cannot leap,
 Down through the valleys
 Unheeded he'll creep.
 Whatever his purpose,
 He'll do it or die ;
 And hardships and dangers
 Confess it and fly.

II.

Poor as a beggar,
 Yet rich as a king ;
 Stormy as winter,
 But radiant as spring ;
 He's constant, he's changeful,
 He's night, and he's day ;
 A guide who misleads us,
 Yet shows us the way.

III.

Drown him in billows
Deep, deep in the main,—
Light as the sea-bird
He'll float up again.
You think he has perish'd
In sleet and in showers,—
He rises in sunlight,
And treads over flowers.

IV.

Lock him in darkness,
In grief, and in thralls,—
Laughing to scorn you,
He'll glide through the walls.
Go chain up a sunbeam,
Or cage the wild wave ;—
Then bind him with fetters,
And make him a slave !

V.

Call him not haughty—
He dwells with the poor ;
Call him not feeble—
He's strong to endure ;
And call him not foolish—
He governs the wise ;
Nor little—he's greater
Than earth and the skies.

GOOD NIGHT.

[Air: BEGONE! DULL CARE!]

I.

GOOD night! good night!
 The chimes ring loud and clear;
 Good night! good night!
 A new-born day is near.
 Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
 Our eyes have gleam'd delight;
 The day has pass'd, we part at last;
 To each and all, Good night!

II.

Sleep! gentle Sleep!
 Thy robe o'er nature lies;
 Sleep! gentle Sleep!
 Steal softly on our eyes.
 And not alone to us be known
 Thy blessings calm and deep;
 To pain and care be free as air,
 And soothe them, gentle Sleep!

III.

Dreams! happy Dreams!
 That right life's balance wrong;
 Dreams! happy Dreams!
 Your kind deceits prolong.
 Give poor men gold, make young the old,
 Show slaves where Freedom beams;
 And shed a light on Sorrow's night.
 Ye recompensing Dreams!

IV.

Good night! good night!
 The chimes give warning clear;
 Good night! good night!
 A new-born day is near.
 Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
 Our eyes have gleam'd delight;
 The day has pass'd, we part at last;
 To each and all, Good night!



A WELCOME TO PEACE.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

JOIN, nations, join your hands,
 Through all your happy lands,—
 And let the church-bells ring,
 And youths and maidens sing:
 The seraph Peace from heaven descends,
 To bid mankind be friends.
 Lo! she comes!
 Beat the drums,
 And let the banners wave o'er land and sea!
 And harmless cannon roar
 From farthest shore to shore,—
 That strife and all its brood have ceased to be!
 Join your hands,
 All ye lands,
 And welcome Peace! the beautiful! the free!

II.

No longer may the car,
 Of blind, infuriate War,
 Drive o'er the bleeding earth,
 To quench its children's mirth,
 And scatter vengeance and dismay;
 But, Peace, like flowery May,
 Spread around,
 O'er the ground,
 The seeds of joy, to blossom like a tree!
 The fruits of Plenty's horn,
 The oil, the wine, the corn,
 And nobler blessings destined yet to be.
 Join your hands,
 All ye lands,
 And welcome Peace! the beautiful! the free!



PENDRAGON THE KING.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

OF all the bold Britons Pendragon was lord;
 His joy was in battles, his trust was the sword;
 With his spears on the land, and his ships on the
 main,
 He drove out the Saxon, he routed the Dane,
 Great Pendragon the King!
 Said the Britons, "We'll ne'er see a monarch again
 "Like Pendragon the King!"

II.

The plague, but the pride of his people was he ;
They fawn'd at his footstool, and thought they were
free ;

If any gainsay'd him, he hung them on high ;
He tax'd them, and robb'd them,—but who could
deny

Great Pendragon the King ?

His word was the law,—there were none to reply
To Pendragon the King !

III.

He died,—yet the sun shone as bright as before,
And kiss'd the rosetree at the cottager's door :
Neither smith at the anvil, nor child at its play,
Nor churl at the plough, was sad-hearted that day,

For Pendragon the King !

He is gone ; let him rest ! Why should pleasure
delay

For Pendragon the King ?

IV.

So runs the big world with the biggest of men :
We are mighty, no doubt, with the sword or the pen ;
But we fall like the leaves when the autumn is cold,
And sleep in our place in the sheltering mould,

Like Pendragon the King !

And the day follows night just the same as of old,
And the summer, the spring.

EACH BLOCK OF MARBLE IN THE MINE.

I.

EACH block of marble in the mine
Conceals the Paphian queen,
Apollo, robed in light divine,
And Pallas the serene :
It only needs the lofty thought,
To give the glories birth ;
And, lo! by skilful fingers wrought,
They captivate the earth.

II.

So, in the hardest human heart,
One little well appears ;
A fountain in some hidden part,
That brims with gentle tears :
It only needs the master-touch
Of Love's or Pity's hand,
And, lo! the rock with water bursts,
And gushes o'er the land.

LESS THAN A MAN.

[Music by HENRY RUSSELL.]

I.

WHEN at the feet of wealth and power
 He'd kneel and flatter, cringe and cower,
 Then haste some poorer man to spurn,
 And play the tyrant in his turn ;
Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.

II.

When by his words he leads his friends
 To danger for his selfish ends,
 And leaves them in the evil day
 To stand or fall as best they may ;
Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.

III.

When without sowing he would reap ;
 When he makes a vow he fails to keep ;
 When he would rather beg or steal,
 Than labour for an honest meal ;
Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.

IV.

When by misfortune stricken down,
 He whines and whimpers through the town,
 And never lifts his strong right arm
 To save himself from further harm ;

*Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.*

V.

Whene'er he plays the coward's part,
And trifles with a woman's heart,
Or scorns, ill-uses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes ;
*Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.*

VI.

When he delights in raising strife,
Or values honour less than life ;
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow,
*Then is a man less than a man—
Then we pity him all we can.*



THE RETURN HOME.

[Air: WHEN I FOLLOWED A LASS.]

I.

THE favouring wind pipes aloft in the shrouds,
And our keel flies as fast as the shadow of clouds ;
The land is in sight, on the verge of the sky,
And the ripple of waters flows pleasantly by,—
 And faintly stealing,
 Booming, pealing,

Chime from the city the echoing bells ;
 And louder, clearer,
 Softer, nearer,
Ringing sweet welcome, the melody swells ;
And it's home ! and it's home ! all our sorrows are
 past—
We are home in the land of our fathers at last.

II.

How oft with a pleasure akin to a pain,
In fancy we roam'd through thy pathways again,—
Through the mead, through the lane, through the
 grove, through the corn,
And heard the lark singing its hymn to the morn ;
 And 'mid the wild wood,
 Dear to childhood,
Gather'd the berries that grew by the way ;
 But all our gladness
 Died in sadness,
Fading like dreams in the dawning of day ;—
But we're home ! we are home ! all our sorrows are
 past—
We are home in the land of our fathers at last.

III.

We loved thee before, but we'll cherish thee now
With a deeper emotion than words can avow ;
Wherever in absence our feet might delay,
We had never a joy like the joy of to-day ;
 And home returning,
 Fondly yearning,

Faces of welcome seem crowding the shore,—
 England! England!
 Beautiful England!

Peace be around thee, and joy evermore!
 And it's home! and it's home! all our sorrows are
 past—

We are home in the land of our fathers at last.



IF I WERE A VOICE.

I.

IF I were a Voice,—a persuasive Voice,—
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale or singing a song,
 In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

II.

If I were a Voice,—a consoling Voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of air;
 The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from Despair.
 I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sun-light, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to rejoice again.

III.

If I were a Voice,—a convincing Voice,
 I'd travel with the wind ;
 And whenever I saw the nations torn
 By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,
 I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder-crash,
 And into their blinded bosoms flash ;
 And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
 I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

IV.

If I were a Voice,—a pervading Voice,
 I'd seek the kings of earth ;
 I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
 And whisper words that should guide them right—
 Lessons of priceless worth.
 I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
 And tell them things they never heard—
 Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
 Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

V.

If I were a Voice,—an immortal Voice,
 I'd speak in the people's ear ;
 And whenever they shouted "*Liberty*,"
 Without deserving to be free,
 I'd make their error clear.
 I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
 Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
 And making all the earth rejoice—
 If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

THE BALLAD OF THE BEAR-HUNTERS.

I.

THREE hunters went a-hunting
 In wild woods far away,
 To chase the bear on mountain slopes
 At dawning of the day.
 They met Dame Joris on the road,
 Plump as a gourd was she,
 And with her went her daughter bright,
 The rose-red Margerie.

And it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!

The morn is shining fair.

*Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish us joy,
 A-hunting of the bear.*

II.

“Get supper for us, Joris,
 “When we return to-night;
 “Good beer and wine, and crackling chine,
 “And a fireside warm and bright.
 “Ere sets the sun, three hungry men,
 “We’ll seek your hostelry;
 “And Bruin dead in his old grey coat
 “Shall bear us company.

“For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!

“The morn is shining fair.

*“Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish us joy,
 “A-hunting of the bear.”*

III.

"I've got," quo' she, "a ven'son haunch,
 "A turkey served with brawn,
 "And foaming flagons of wine as good
 "As ever from cask was drawn.
 "And if you slay the shaggy bear
 "That prowls our forests through,
 "I'll find the meat, and share the drink,
 "And charge you ne'er a *sou*.
 "*For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!*
 "*The morn is shining fair.*
 "*Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! I wish you joy,*
 "*A-hunting of the bear."*

IV.

"What wilt *thou* give us, maiden?"
 Said Reinhold, whispering low,
 And clasp'd her by the yielding hand,
 That nobody might know.
 "I wish for something better than wine,
 "Better than golden fee,—
 "A look, a smile, or word of love,
 "From rose-red Margerie.
 "*For it's whoop! Oho! Hollo! Hallò!*
 "*The morn is shining fair.*
 "*Whoop! Hollo! Hoy! and wish me joy,*
 "*A-hunting of the bear."*

V.

"I'll give," quo' she, "a squeezing hand
 "When nobody is nigh,

" A whisper'd word, a favouring smile,
 " A twinkle of the eye.
 " I'll give ;—but what have I to give,
 " Although I speak so free,
 " Unless it be a vow of truth,
 " And the heart of Margerie ?
 " For it's whoop ! Oho ! Hollo ! Hallò !
 " The morn is shining fair.
 " Whoop ! Hollo ! Hoy ! I wish you joy,
 " A-hunting of the bear."

VI.

They had their hunting on the hill,
 And merry men were they ;
 And a beaten foe was Bruin the bold,
 At closing of the day.
 And Joris spread a regal feast,—
 The ven'son and the chine,
 Turkey and brawn, and snow-white cheese,
 And overflowing wine.
 And 'twas whoop ! Oho ! Hollo ! Hallò !
 The wine-cup circles fair:
 Whoop ! Hollo ! Hoy ! 'tis ever joy,
 A-hunting of the bear.

VII.

" We track'd his steps an hour ere noon—
 " 'Twas up amid the snow ;
 " And then we track'd him down again,
 " To his rocky dells below.
 " And then our shots—one—two—and three—
 " Went whizzing in his side ;

“ And the echoes raised a thunder tone,
 “ As he howl'd his last, and died.
 “ *And 'tis whoop ! Oho ! Hollo ! Hallò !*
 “ *The wine-cup circles fair.*
 “ *Whoop ! Hollo ! Hoy ! 'tis ever joy,*
 “ *A-hunting of the bear.*”

VIII.

And Reinhold pledged his maiden bright
 Again and yet again :
 “ I've woo'd thee, Margerie, many a month,—
 “ Oh, help me out of pain !”
 “ There, take my hand,” said Margerie fair,
 “ And wed me, while you can ;
 “ But go no more a-hunting,
 “ When you're a married man.
 “ *For his whoop ! Oho ! Hollo ! Hallò !*
 “ *The bachelor may care ;*
 “ *But married men should stay at home*
 “ *From the hunting of the bear.*”



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

I.

Songs without words ! Through forest leaves they
 quiver,
 With softer cadence tune the torrent's roar,
 They mingle whispers with the rippling river,
 And sport in billows on the stormy shore.

II.

Songs without words ! How often have I sung them,
 In the fresh noontime of my life's young day,
 When hopes were free, as if kind Heaven had flung
 them,
 Plenteous as daisies on the lap of May.

III.

Songs without words ! How often lonely musing,
 Fann'd by the breath of morn or evening skies,
 Have Joy and Music, mutely interfusing,
 Throbb'd in my veins and sparkled in mine eyes.

IV.

Songs without words ! How oft in Love's pure glad-
 ness,
 Her hand in mine, we've look'd sweet songs unsung,
 Of deeper joy and more entrancing sadness
 Than e'er found accents on a mortal tongue !



THE SHADOW OF TREES.

I.

'TIS sweet, in the shade of the lofty trees,
 In the dewy morning time,
 To hear the song of the joyous lark,
 Or the distant village chime ;
 Or to sit and think,
 By a streamlet's brink,
 Breathing our thoughts in rhyme.

II.

'Tis sweet, in the shade of the lofty trees,
 In the sultry hour of noon,
 To lie at length on the cooling sward,
 Secure from the heats of June ;
 To read our book
 In a lonely nook,
 While lull'd by the cuckoo's tune.

III.

But sweeter far than morn or noon,
 In the pleasant time of night,
 To roam alone with the lass we love,
 And look in her eyes so bright !
 Or to sit at our ease
 Beneath the trees,
 Breathing our loving plight.



THE WILL O' THE WISP.

I.

WHERE the snake lurks in the tangled grass,
 By the slippery brink of the dank morass,
 Merrily O ! merrily O !
 I light my lamp, and forth I go !
 And to lure astray the lated wight,
 I shine all night in the swampy hollows,
 Merrily O ! merrily O !—
 Wailing and woe to the fool who follows !

II.

Oh! Love and Friendship and I make three;
 We roam together in company!
 Merrily O! merrily O!—
 We light our lamps, and forth we go!
 Friendship showeth a steady ray,
 But its dupes ne'er dream that its heart is hollow.
 Merrily O! merrily O!—
 Wailing and woe to the fools who follow!

III.

Oh! Love indeed hath a fairer gleam;—
 What is so bright as her first fond dream?
 Merrily O! merrily O!
 We light our lamps, and forth we go!
 An early blight if that love be true,
 A broken heart if that love be hollow.
 Merrily O! merrily O!—
 Wailing and woe to the fools who follow!



THE GREEN BAY-TREE.

[Music by ALEXANDER LEE.]

I.

“WHERE is the place of their first fond meeting,
 “Where, oh! where is that green bay-tree,
 “Under whose cover
 “The maid and her lover

“Plighted eternal constancy?”

Oh! the winter nights were bleak and dreary,
 The storms of summer were fierce and free;
 Its trunk is shatter'd,
 Its branches are scatter'd,
 Oh! wither'd and dead is that green bay-tree!

II.

“Where are the lovers who courted its shadow,
 “Where, oh! where may those fond ones be?
 “The troth which they plighted,
 “How is it requited—
 “Say, have they forgotten that green bay-tree?”
 The lover was fickle and would not remember;
 He met with another more fair than she;
 For her—broken-hearted,
 Her peace hath departed,
 The maiden doth fade like the green bay-tree!



IF THE WORLD DECEIVE ME.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

If the world deceive me,
 Mary! Mary!
 Or ill fortune grieve me,
 All the blame is mine.
 But when peace and pleasure
 O'erflow my life's full measure,
 Then, my heart's best treasure,
 Shall all the praise be thine.

II.

'Tis thy smile that aids me,
Mary! Mary!
'Tis thy light pervades me
When the world goes wrong
Truth that cannot vary,
And Hope, our fireside fairy,
Dwell with thee, my Mary,
And cheer my heart and song.



CATAWBA WINE.

I.

OHIO's green hill-tops
Glow bright in the sun,
And yield us more treasure
Than Rhine or Garonne:
They give us Catawba,
The mild and the true,
As radiant as sunlight,
As soft as the dew,
And fragrant as gardens
When Summer is new.
Of all the glad vintage,
The purest and best,
Catawba the nectar
And balm of the West.

II.

Champagne is too often
A trickster malign,
That flows from the apple
And not from the vine ;
But thou, my Catawba !
Art fresh as the rose,
And sweet as the lips
Of my love when they close
To give back the kisses
My passion bestows.
Thou'rt born of the vintage,
And fed on its breast,
Catawba the nectar
And balm of the West !

III.

When pledging the lovely,
This sparkler we'll kiss ;
When drinking to true hearts,
We'll toast them in this.
For Catawba is like them,
Though tender, yet strong,
As pleasant as morning,
And soft as a song,
Whose delicate beauty
The echoes prolong.
Catawba ! heart-warmer !
Soul-cheerer ! life-zest !
Catawba the nectar,
And balm of the West !

MOUNTAIN DEW.

I.

MOUNTAIN Dew! clear as a Scot's understanding,
Pure as his conscience wherever he goes,
Warm as his heart to the friend he has chosen,
Strong as his arm when he fights with his foes!
In liquor like this should old Scotland be toasted;
So fill up again, and the pledge we'll renew.
Long flourish the honour
Her children have won her;—
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!

II.

May her worth, like her Lowland streams, roll on
unceasing;
Her fame, like her Highland hills, last evermore;
May the cold of her glens be confined to the climate,
Nor enter the heart, tho' it creep through the door;
And never may we, while we love and revere her,
As long as we're brave, and warm-hearted, and true,
Want reason to boast her,
Or whisky to toast her;—
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!



MOUNTAIN DEW

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANTS.

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

COME away ! far away ! from the hills of bonnie Scot-
land ;

Here no more may we linger on the mountain, in
the glen ;—

Come away ! why delay ? far away from bonnie Scot-
land,

Land of grouse, and not of heroes ! land of sheep,
and not of men !

Mighty hunters, for their pastime,

Needing deserts in our shires,

Turn to waste our pleasant places,

Quench the smoke of cottage fires.

Come away ! why delay ? Let us seek a home denied
us,

O'er the oceans that divide us from the country of
our sires.

II.

Come away ! far away ! from the river, from the wild
wood ;

From the soil where our fathers lifted freedom's
broad claymore ;

From the paths in the straths, that were dear to us in
childhood ;

From the kirk where love was plighted in the happy
days of yore.

Men and women have no value
 Where the Bruce and Wallace grew ;
 And where stood the clansman's shieling,
 There the red-deer laps the dew.
 Come away ! far away ! But to thee, O bonnie Scot-
 land,
 Wheresoever we may wander, shall our hearts be
 ever true.

III.

Far away ! far away ! in the light of other regions
 We shall prove how we love thee to our children
 yet unborn.
 Far away ! far away ! we shall teach them our
 allegiance
 To thy name and to thy glory, thou beloved, though
 forlorn !
 At recital of thy greatness
 Shall our warmest fervour swell ;
 On the story of thy sorrow
 Shall our fondest memories dwell.
 Far away ! why delay ? We are banish'd from our
 Scotland,
 From our own, our bonnie Scotland ! Fare thee well !
 oh ! fare thee well !



BE QUIET, DO!—I'LL CALL MY MOTHER

I.

As I was sitting in a wood,
 Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
 Musing in pleasant solitude,
 Who should come by but John, my lover!
 He press'd my hand and kiss'd my cheek;
 Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
 While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do!—I'll call my mother!"

II.

He saw my anger was sincere,
 And lovingly began to chide me;
 Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
 He sat him on the grass beside me.
 He feign'd such pretty amorous woe,
 Breath'd such sweet vows one after other,
 I could but smile, while whispering low,
"Be quiet, do!—I'll call my mother!"

III.

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
 And swore he meant not to deceive me;
 I felt more grief than I can tell,
 When with a sigh he rose to leave me.
 "Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?
 "I love thee better than all other;
 "There is no need to hurry so,—
"I never meant to call my mother."

THE MOONLIGHT DANCE.

I.

COME, maidens, come to our merry dance, —
Youth and Beauty, come together ;
Let young hearts meet
In converse sweet,
At twilight's time, in the summer weather ;
By the pale light of the thoughtful moon,
When all is hush'd, save the sighing breeze ;
In a still and balmy night of June,
Under the leaves of the linden-trees.

II.

There song shall awake its softest tones,
Opening all the soul to pleasure ;
At silent eve
Our feet shall weave
The jocund dance to its melting measure.
Come, maidens, come, when the night-bird's tune
Is wafted afar on the gentle breeze,
Come to our dance when the watchful moon
Shines through the leaves of the linden-trees.

IF FAIRY TALES WERE TRUE.

I.

IF fairy tales were true,
 And fortune were my hap,
 I'll tell you what I'd do—
 If I had the wishing-cap :—
 I'd make each maid a wife,
 Who'd give both heart and hand ;
 And all domestic strife
 I'd banish from the land.

II.

No arm that wrought or plough'd
 Should ever toil in vain ;
 The great should not be proud,
 The small should not complain.
 The friendship of a friend
 Should last through good and ill ;
 And, constant to the end,
 Should guide the wand'rer still.

III.

Each little child should read
 The Book of life and light,
 And every hostile creed
 Should love and reunite.
 The triumphs of our time
 Should bless the poorest lot,
 And misery and crime
 Should die and be forgot.

IV.

All rulers should be just,
 All people should be wise ;
 And swords and spears should rust
 For lack of enemies :—
 If fairy tales were true,
 And fortune were my hap,
 All this, and more, I'd do,
 If I had the wishing-cap.



THE KING AMONG MEN

I.

IF his heart all undaunted ne'er quail'd before
 danger,
 Or fail'd to beat high for the right,
 If his doors were ne'er shut on the poor and the
 stranger,
 His tongue never false to its plight,
 To him we will drink, as a king among men—
 Wassail ! high wassail ! good health to him then !

II.

If Honour can dazzle, or Freedom inspire him,
 To fight in their cause ere she sink,
 If the wrongs of his kind or his country can fire him,
 A bumper to him we will drink.
 Though humble and poor, he is king among men—
 Wassail ! high wassail ! good health to him then !

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

[Recited at a public dinner given to the author in Washington, United States, January 14th, 1858.]

I.

SAID Brother Jonathan to John,
 " You are the elder-born,
 " And I can bear another's hate,
 " But not your lightest scorn.
 " You've lived a life of noble strife,
 " You've made a world your own,
 " Why, when I follow in your steps,
 " Receive me with a groan ?

II.

" I feel the promptings of my youth,
 " That urge me evermore,
 " To spread my fame, my race, my name,
 " From shore to furthest shore.
 " I feel the lightnings in my blood,
 " The thunders in my hand,
 " And I must work my destiny,
 " Whoever may withstand.

III.

" And if you'd give me, Brother John,
 " The sympathy I crave,
 " And stretch your warm fraternal hand
 " Across the Atlantic wave,

" I'd give it such a cordial grasp
 " That earth should start to see,
 " And ancient crowns and sceptres shake,
 " That fear both you and me."

IV.

Said Brother John to Jonathan,
 " You do my nature wrong ;
 " I never hated, never scorn'd,
 " But loved you well and long."
 " If, children of the self-same sire,
 " We've quarrell'd now and then,
 " 'Twas only in our early youth,
 " And not since we were men.

V.

" And if with cautious, cooler blood,
 " Result of sufferings keen,
 " I sometimes think you move too fast,
 " Mistake not what I mean.
 " I've felt the follies of my youth,
 " The errors of my prime,
 " And dream'd for you—my father's son—
 " A future more sublime.

VI.

" And here's my hand,—'tis freely given,
 " I stretch it o'er the brine,
 " And wish you from my heart of hearts
 " A higher life than mine.

“ Together let us rule the world,
“ Together work and thrive ;
“ For if you’re only twenty-one,
“ I’m scarcely thirty-five.

VII.

“ And I have strength for nobler work
“ Than e’er my hand has done,
“ And realms to rule and truths to plant
“ Beyond the rising sun.
“ Take you the West ;—and I the East ;—
“ We’ll spread ourselves abroad,
“ With trade and spade, and wholesome laws,
“ And faith in Man and God.

VIII.

“ Take you the West ;—and I the East ;—
“ We speak the self-same tongue
“ That Milton wrote and Chatham spoke,
“ That Burns and Shakspeare sung ;
“ And from our tongue, our hand, our heart,
“ Shall countless blessings flow,
“ To light two darken’d hemispheres
“ That know not where they go.

IX.

“ Our Anglo-Saxon name and fame,
“ Our Anglo-Saxon speech,
“ Received their mission straight from Heaven,
“ To civilize and teach.

“ So here’s my hand, I stretch it forth ;
 “ Ye meaner lands look on !
 “ From this day forth there’s friendship firm
 “ ’Twixt Jonathan and John ! ”

X.

They shook their hands, this noble pair
 And o’er the “ electric chain ”
 Came daily messages of Peace
 And Love betwixt them twain.
 When other nations, sore oppress’d,
 Lie dark in Sorrow’s night,
 They look to Jonathan and John,
 And hope for coming light.



THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

[Air: THE DUKE OF YORK’S MARCH.]

I.

FIERCE as its sunlight, the East may be proud
 Of its gay gaudy hues and its sky without cloud ;
 Mild as its breezes, the beautiful West
 May smile like the valleys that dimple its breast ;
 The South may rejoice in the vine and the palm,
 In its groves, where the midnight is sleepy with balm :
 Fair though they be,
 There’s an isle in the sea,
 The home of the brave and the boast of the free !
 Hear it, ye lands ! let the shout echo forth,—
 The lords of the world, are the Men of the North !

II.

Cold though our seasons, and dull though our skies,
 There's a might in our arms and a fire in our eyes ;
 Dauntless and patient, to dare and to do,—
 Our watchword is "Duty," our maxim is "Through!"
 Winter and storm only nerve us the more,
 And chill not the heart, if they creep through the
 door :

Strong shall we be
 In our isle of the sea,

The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
 Firm as the rock when the storm flashes forth,
 We'll stand in our courage—the Men of the North!

III.

Sunbeams that ripen the olive and vine,
 In the face of the slave and the coward may shine ;
 Roses may blossom where Freedom decays,
 And crime be a growth of the sun's brightest rays.
 Scant though the harvest we reap from the soil,
 Yet Virtue and Health are the children of Toil :

Proud let us be
 Of our isle of the sea,

The home of the brave and the boast of the free :
 Men with true hearts,—let our fame echo forth,—
 Oh, these are the fruit that we grow in the North!

WHEN CRISPIN WAS KING.

I.

WHEN Crispin was king, there was joy in the State,
And Plenty and Peace for the small and the great ;
For every good fellow who lived in the land
Had always a friend in his honest right hand ;
And none who were able and willing to toil
Found labour a " drug " in their dear native soil ;
There were hams from the roof, there were steaks on
the coal,
And loaves in the cupboard, and ale in the bowl :—
Will they never come back, like the blossoms of
spring,
The days that we knew when old Crispin was king ?

II.

When Crispin was king, the goodwife sat at home,
And tended the babes to her bosom that clomb ;
No grinders of poverty forced her away,
To struggle with men for the food of the day ;
Her lasses were modest and fresh as the rose,
And her lads had stout arms for their friends and
their foes ;
And after their labour they frolick'd and sung,
And came not to want, if they married too young :—
Will they never come back, like the birds of the
spring,
The days that we knew when old Crispin was king ?

BYGONES.

I.

BYGONES ! Bygones ! cold and dark,
 Why should ye haunt the sunny beam ?
 Dim as ghosts in Charon's bark,
 Ye cloud the living stream.
 Love has wept its April tears ;
 Then why recall the parted rain ?
 And smiling Hope has banish'd fears ;
 Then wherefore bid them back again ?
 Last year's gales no longer strive
 To scatter leaves that bloom to-day ;
 Why should last year's griefs revive ?
 Bygones ! Bygones ! pass away !



THE SHADOWS.

I.

OH, the shadows!—the dark shadows!—
 How silently they fall ;
 They hang upon the landscape,
 They flit upon the wall ;
 And the joyous bells that rang to me,
 And the little birds that sang to me,
 Are silent one and all,
 In the shadows, the dark shadows,
 Creeping on the wall.

II.

Oh, the shadows!—the dark shadows!—
My good friend passes by,
And the merry boon companions
Who'd rather sing than sigh,
Forget the days they laugh'd with me,
Forget the nights they quaff'd with me,
And stare, with vacant eye,
In the shadows, the dark shadows,
Crawling on the sky!

III.

Oh, the shadows!—the dark shadows!—
They cover up the day!
And she who loved me truly
Is dead and gone away;
As if harsh Fate had greed of her,
And I not double need of her
To light me as I stray
Through the shadows, the dark shadows,
Covering up the day.



NO MORE CUPIDS.

I.

THERE rose a revolt in the kingdom of Song,—
 “No more,” said the people, “we’ll hear
 “Of Cupid and Venus,—we’ve borne them too long,
 “Their names from our hearts disappear.
 “The Love that we love has no wings;
 “And the Goddess of Beauty we prize,
 “Is a fair English maid with an innocent heart,
 “And the light of her soul in her eyes.

II.

“Let Cupid, and Venus, and Hymen be gone,
 “To sleep in Antiquity’s page,
 “And let the nine Muses depart, every one,—
 “They suit not the taste of our age!”
 So Beauty and Love were enthroned;
 And people and bards, kneeling down,
 Decried them supreme in the regions of Song,
 And gave them the sceptre and crown.

III.

And now if by Venus a bard would protest,
 We smile at the obsolete name,
 Or think that he only invokes it in jest,
 Or knows not Love’s holier flame.
 And when lovers to Cupid appeal,
 Or talk of his conquering dart,
 Their love is but fancy, that dwells on the tongue,
 But ne’er had a home in the heart.

RETURNING MESSENGERS.

[Air: OLD ENGLISH.]

I.

I WAS harsh and unforgiving,
 Cruel taunts escaped my tongue ;
 Every word, not dead, but living,
 Pierced the bosom whence it sprung—
 Poison'd arrow, backwards flung.

II.

From my lips the words of blessing
 Issued, though I know not when ;
 Each, my happy soul possessing,
 Came, an angel, back again,
 Bearing blessings ten times ten.



THE TAMBOURINE GIRL.

[Music by FRANK MORI.]

I.

I LOVE my little native isle,
 Mine em'rald in a golden deep ;
 My garden where the roses smile,
 My vineyard where the tendrils creep.
 How sweetly glide the summer hours
 When twilight shows her silver sheen,
 And youths and maids from all the bowers
 Come forth to play the tambourine.

II.

At morn the fisher spreads his sail
Upon our calm encircling sea ;
The farmer labours in the vale,
Or tends his vine and orange-tree.
But soon as lingering sunset throws
O'er woods and fields a deeper green,
And all the West in crimson glows,
They gather to the tambourine.

III.

We love our merry native song,
Our moss-grown seats in lonely nooks ;
Our moonlight walks the beach along,
For interchange of words and looks.
When toil is done and day is spent,
Sweet is the dance with song between,
The jest for harmless pleasure meant,
And tinkle of the tambourine.

IV.

My native isle, my land of peace,—
My father's home, my mother's grave,
May evermore thy joys increase,
And plenty o'er thy cornfields wave !
May storms ne'er vex thine ocean surf,
Nor war pollute thy valleys green ;
Nor fail the dance upon thy turf,
Nor music of the tambourine !

LOVING IN VAIN.

I.

AND wouldst thou from thy passionate heart
Expel the light divine,
Because another's heart disdains
The glory born in thine?
Ah, no! true Love repays itself,
Whatever may befall;
And hearts that scorn to love in vain,
Have never loved at all.

II.

The light of Heaven is heavenly light,
Though on the mire it lie,
And rains, though scatter'd on the sand,
Were nurtured in the sky!
O'er thankless wilds and barren seas
The stars and planets burn,
And Love, if it be pure and true,
Can love without return.

THE "YES" AND THE "NO."

I.

AND wilt thou love me all thy life
 As fervently as now?
 And never prove in joy or grief
 A traitor to thy vow?
 Wilt never change, or prize me less,
 Whatever wind may blow?
 I thank thee for thy "yes," my love,
 I thank thee for thy "no."

II.

Wilt love me as unfolding flowers
 Might love the spring-time rain?
 And frozen streams the summer's breath,
 That bids them gush again?
 And never think in future time
 The past has been thy foe?
 I thank thee for thy "yes," my love,
 I thank thee for thy "no."

III.

Wilt come to-night, where oft thou'st come,
 Beneath the ancient thorn,
 And bring me something on thy lips,
 To seal the vow thou'st sworn?
 Nor fail one minute at the tryste,
 Nor breathe it high or low?
 I thank thee for thy "yes," my love,
 I thank thee for thy "no."

DREAMING! IDLY DREAMING!

[Music by CHARLES MACKAY.]

I.

DREAMING! idly dreaming!

In the summer bowers,
 Came a whisper stilly,
 From the rose and lily

And the meadow flowers:—

“ Though we bloom to woo you,”

Seem'd the voice to sigh,

“ Leave, oh, leave us growing,

“ Or, like wild-winds blowing,

“ Touch, and travel by!

“ Beauty shrinks from selfish capture,

“ Love is short that lives on rapture;

“ If you gather us, we die!”

II.

Waking! sadly waking!

In the moil and strife,
 Came a prompter quiet
 Through the wild-world riot,
 And the storm of life:—

“ Joys and Pleasures tempt us,”

Seem'd the voice to sigh,

“ But, unwisely taken,

“ From their branches shaken,

“ All their glories fly.

“ Bright and fair, with colours golden,

“ By our longing hearts beholden,—

“ When we gather them, they die!”

THE ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

I.

My kingdom is wide as the wish of my soul,
 My crown is a garland of bay,
 My throne is a seat on the green grassy knoll,
 And my subjects the hours of the day.
 My high court of Justice and Truth
 I hold in my heart's inner cells ;
 And Conscience supreme is the judge who decides
 When Passion or Reason rebels.

II.

For me all the beauties of Nature are spread,
 For me all the blossoms unfold,
 For me all the odours of Summer are shed,
 And harvests are ruddy as gold !
 To feed me high treaties are made
 With realms o'er the wide ocean foam,
 And a thousand gay ships seek the ends of the earth,
 To bring me my luxuries home.

III.

There never was monarch since empire began
 More free and contented than I ;
 That fear not the arm or the treason of man,
 Or Anarchy's rallying cry.
 This stanch little kingdom's myself ;
 To my absolute rule it is given—
 By a charter divine is the privilege mine,
 And I'll answer the trust but to Heaven.

GOOD COMPANY.

I.

WHEN I sit by myself at the close of the day,
And watch the blue twilight turn amber and gray,—
With fancies as twinkling and vague as the stars,
And as distant as they from this life's petty jars,—
I know not, I think not, where fortune may be,
But I feel I'm in very good company.

II.

When I sit with a friend at the glow of my hearth,
To fight some great battle of wisdom or mirth,
And strike from our armour the sparkles of wit
That follow the shafts of our thought when they hit,—
I ask not, I care not, where pleasure may be,
But I know I'm in excellent company.

III.

When I sit with my darling, who loves me so well,
And read in her eyes what no language can tell,
Or trace on her lips—free as cherubs from guile—
The meanings and mysteries hid in a smile,—
I heed not, I dream not, where Eden may be,
But I feel I'm in heavenly company.

UNDECEIVED.

L

I ONCE believed that in a form so beautiful as thine—
 In such clear face and angel eyes, so like to lamps
 divine,
 And in that breast so purely white, deception could
 not dwell,
 Or base unworthy passions prompt thy reason to
 rebel ;
 I spoke my thoughts, and call'd on men to listen and
 believe me :
 But in thine eyes Deception hung,
 And there was guile upon thy tongue.
 Once, only once, thy soul was true—when thou didst
 undeceive me.

II.

He who in wild-wood alleys roams, unthinking and
 unwise,
 And takes a serpent to his heart for beauty of its
 eyes,
 For splendour of its arching neck and glitter of its
 skin,
 Was scarcely such a dupe as I, in ignorance of sin,
 Who took such traitor to my side to fondle and to
 cherish,
 And gave it sustenance and room.
 But go ! thy falsehood is thy doom !
 And not the heart which thou hast stung—but thou,
 thyself, shalt perish !

NEVER AGAIN.

I.

WILL I love thee? Ah yes! but the love which I
knew,
Ere Falsehood had clouded thy Truth's sunny blue,
A flower in the desert—a joy in my pain,
Will cheer my sad spirit, oh, never again!

II.

The rose has been gather'd, the tune has been sung,
And roses have perish'd and harps are unstrung;
And I'll feast on the odour and hear the sweet strain,
To cheer me in sadness, oh, never again!

III.

I will cling to thy fortunes and cherish thee still,
And stay by thy side through all sorrow and ill;
But Youth's early passion one falsehood has slain,
And Time can revive it, oh, never again!

THE PRIMROSE.

[The common field primrose, that grows in such beautiful luxuriance in the meadows and green lanes in the British Isles, is unknown in America and Australia—or only cultivated in conservatories or hot-houses. Two years ago, it was reported in a Melbourne newspaper, that an English primrose had been imported in a wardian case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbour, to be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation. Upwards of three thousand people turned out into the streets to see the flower brought ashore, and the pressure of the crowd was so great that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and to make a line through which the Primrose might be escorted on shore, to be seen of all her admirers.]

I.

SHE comes!—make way, ye people!

Stand reverently aside;

She comes!—the gentle traveller,

In purity and pride;

Shower welcomes fair upon her,

To show befitting honour;

And give her love and homage

From hearts and kindling eyes;

And believe her, and receive her

With a thousand sympathies.

II.

She has cross'd the stormy ocean,

A pilgrim, to our shore;

As fresh as Youth and Beauty,

And dear as days of yore.

Stand back! for she is tender,

And delicate, and slender;

And a rude, too boisterous greeting,

Well meant although it be,

Might endanger our sweet stranger,

From the land beyond the sea.

III.

Oh! the love that she awakens,
And the smiles twin-born with tears,
That her pleasant face up-summons
From the depths of other years!
When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart and truthful,
And roam'd by rippling rivers,
And woodland pastures wild,
To meet her, and to greet her,
In the valleys where she smiled.

IV.

How often, in life's morning,
When none but she was nigh,
And the blithe free lark above us,
Sprinkling music from the sky,
Beside the stile we've waited,
Until evening hours belated,
To breathe the youthful passion,
That was bold as well as coy,
To some maiden, love-beladen,
Full of innocence and joy.

V.

How often, in life's noontime,
When our boys and girls were young,
We have taken them to meadows,
Where the early blossoms sprung,
In that well-beloved far-land;
And wove them many a garland

Of buttercups and daisies,
 And primrose blushing fair,
 And entwined them, and enshrined them,
 'Mid the clusters of their hair!

VI.

Stand back, ye joyous people!—
 Ye shall see her, every one;
 Ye shall see her, but not touch her—
 Where we place her in the sun!
 She shall smile on you serenely,
 And fairy-like and queenly;
 And pour upon your spirits,
 Like the dew from Heaven's own dome,
 The feelings and revealings,
 And memories of home!



HUMPHREY DUNN.

Est mir gans eins—
 Ob ich Geld hab, oder Keins.

I.

If he have money, or if he have none,
 'Tis all the same to Humphrey Dunn.

II.

If he have money, his heart is glad;
 If none, 'tis cowardly to be sad.

III.

If he have money, his wife goes fine ;
If none, her eyes never cease to shine.

IV.

If he have money, he drinks good beer ;
If none, he relishes water clear.

V.

If he have money, his feasts are spread ;
If none, he can dine on a crust of bread.

VI.

If he have money, he goes to the play ;
If none, he laughs and stops away.

VII.

If he have money, 'tis Paris and Rome ;
If none, he walks in the streets at home.

VIII.

If he have money, his creditors smile ;
If none, they frown and wait awhile.

IX.

If he have money, his jewels glow ;
If he have none, the daisies grow.

X.

For whether he've money, or whether he've none,
'Tis all the same to Humphrey Dunn !

A VISION.

I.

DAWN without cloud, thou happy Day !
 Earth's fairest creature comes this way ;
 And yet, O Sun, thou need'st not shine,—
 Her beauty's light surpasses thine.

II.

Be silent harpsichord and lute ;
 She sings, and Music should be mute,
 And take a lesson from her voice,
 How best to soothe us or rejoice.

III.

Sweet-scented Lily, sweeter Rose,
 Let all your blushing petals close :
 What boots your odours to expand,
 When she comes breathing in the land ?

IV.

Delay, O Time, when she is near,
 Change every minute to a year ;
 And when she's gone, let seasons pass
 Fleeter than moments in thy glass.

V.

Delay ! nor do my heart a wrong ;
 Go rob the sad, who deem thee long,
 And give me, while my love is by,
 The produce of the larceny.

VI.

Take from the wasteful of thy joy
 The days and hours that they destroy,
 And pile them as my passion bids,
 Like stones of steadfast pyramids.

VII.

But when she goes—O wayward Time!
 To linger is capricious crime;
 So spur the steed, and slack the rein,
 And gallop till she comes again.



JOHN GOODENOUGH.

I.

I NEVER saw John Goodenough,
 And know not where he dwells,
 Whether it be on the mountain-top,
 Or in the sunny dells;
 Whether it be in the city streets,
 'Mid the crowds that come and go,
 Or in the meads and woodlands green,
 Where the murmuring waters flow;
 Whether it be by the bare sea-beach,
 Where croons the tempest wild,
 I never met John Goodenough
 Since I was a happy child.

II.

I've heard of him and read of him,
And fancied him night and day,
With his soft blue eyes and placid smile,
And his long locks silvery gray ;
With his words of goodness for the rich
And kindness for the poor,
And his brave true heart, that, come what will,
Is patient to endure ;
But I never met him—never once—
Whether I wept or smiled,
Or thought him other than a dream,
Since I was a little child.

III.

I've ceased long, long ago, to hope
I shall see his face again,
Or feel the grasp of his honest hand
In my pleasure or my pain ;
Or hear the sound of his manly voice
Breathing his morning prayer,
Or blessing the children at his knee,
With his hands on their golden hair.
John Good, I know, and sometimes meet ;
But Goodenough, wise and mild,
Remains a vision of the days
When I was a thoughtless child.

COMBING HER COAL-BLACK HAIR.

I.

SHE sits o'er the keystone of the bridge
In the sunshine and the rain,
And there flashes a light from her deep dark eyes
That tells of a passionate pain.
All the day and half the night,
Alone with her despair,
She sits and sings, and talks to herself
Combing her coal-black hair.

II.

Take heed, if you pass her on the way,
False wife, or fickle maid,
Or man who hast wrong'd a trusting heart,
Or broken it and betray'd !
Of the curl of her lip, of the glance of her eye,
Of the word of her mouth beware !
For she means you mischief where she sits
Combing her coal-black hair.

III.

'Tis Misery gives her power to curse !
Pass on, ye good and true :
Her evil eye shall harm you not,
Her curse is not for you.
But ye who've broken Love's dear faith,
Take warning, and beware
Of the witch-like woman who haunts the bridge
Combing her coal-black hair.

WERT THOU MINE.

I.

WERT thou mine—wert thou mine,
 I would live in summer-shine ;
 I would carol like the lark,
 When he soars above the dark ;
 I would heed nor grief nor care,
 But be good, as thou art fair ;
 All my happiness should be
 But a duty paid to thee !
 O thou lovely, thou benign,
 Wert thou mine—wert thou mine !

II.

Wert thou mine—wert thou mine,
 In that little heart of thine
 I would dwell for evermore,
 Snugly nestled at the core ;
 And would fill it, day and night,
 With all beauty, all delight,
 Till the glory of thy face
 Should make Eden in my place.
 O thou lovely, thou benign,
 Wert thou mine—wert thou mine !

THE FERRY.

I.

PASSING o'er the Ferry,
I lost a purse of gold ;
It vanish'd in the stream,
Like a fancy in a dream.
Let it go ! its loss is told ;
And I'll sit me down and try,
While there's sunshine in the sky,
If I cannot win another
Ere to-morrow's light be old.

II.

Passing o'er the Ferry,
I lost a ruby ring ;
It was given me by a friend
Whom I'll love till life shall end.
Let it go ! like bird on wing !
For my friend will still love on,
Though the gift he gave be gone—
As the sunshine loves the meadows,
Though they lose the flowers of Spring.

III.

Passing o'er the Ferry,
I lost my heart, ah me !
To a pair of laughing eyes,
To a face like summer skies.

It has gone, that heart so free.
 And great will be my pain
 Till I get it back again,
 Or the love of her who stole it.
 Woe is me ! oh, woe is me !



A COURTSHIP.

I.

“ A PENNY for thy thoughts,” she said.—
 “ I think that thou art fair,
 “ That pleasantness about thee dwells
 “ Like sunshine in the air,
 “ And that within thine eyes there lurks
 “ More light than day can spare !”
 “ Well ! take thy penny if thou wilt !
 “ Thou’st robb’d me, I declare !”

II.

“ But that is only half my thought :
 “ I think, if thou wert free
 “ To take this heart—this truth—this life—
 “ This hand, that’s offer’d thee,
 “ I’d be the happiest man on earth.”—
 “ Be happy then !” quoth she ;
 “ And when I pay thee for *that* thought,
 “ Myself shall be the fee !”

THE INQUIRY.

I.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd, "No!"

II.

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favour'd spot,
 Some island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs?
 Where Sorrow never lives,
 And Friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer, "No!"

III.

And thou, serenest moon,
 That, with such holy face,
 Dost look upon the earth
 Asleep in night's embrace,

Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud, the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

IV.

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd—
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes! in
Heaven!"



THE KISSING-GATE.

[In some of the rural villages of England, to catch a young woman in the stile, or gate, leading to the churchyard, confers the same privilege as the mistletoe at Christmas.]

I.

SHOULD I ask you to come to the valley to-night,
 And shame the fair Moon by a lovelier light,
 With a smile on your lips, on your bosom a rose ;
 Your bright eyes might answer, " I will, Love !"
 Who knows ?

II.

Should I ask you next Sunday, when service is o'er,
 To stop in the gate half a minute—no more ;
 To give me the sweet little chance it bestows,
 Your blushes might answer : " I will, Love."
 Who knows ?

III.

Should I tell you I've purchased the plain golden ring,
 And ask you to name some bright morn of the spring,
 When on your third finger that ring might repose,
 Your ripe lips might answer : " To-morrow."
 Who knows ?

A MISPLACED AFFECTION.

I.

QUOTH "I" to "Me:" "I love but thee,
 " And this affection strong,
 " Whoever flouts, or scorns, or doubts,
 " Shall last my whole life long.
 " With thee I'll laugh, with thee I'll quaff—
 " To thee I'll pass the wine ;
 " And share no grief that seeks relief,
 " Except, dear 'Me,' 'tis thine !
 " Thy hopes and fears, thy smiles and tears,
 " Shall ever be mine own ;—
 " My best good friend, till life shall end !
 " I'll cling to thee alone."

II.

But Love so true—as Love will do—
 Went piteously awry,
 And sorrows keen and bickerings mean
 Fell out 'twixt "Me" and "I."
 It came to pass that "Me"—alas !
 Lay sick on bed of pain,
 And none came near to soothe or cheer,
 But "I," who came in vain.
 And "I" could see no hope for "Me,"
 For scorning Nature's law ;—
 And so they sigh'd, and pined and died—
 And nobody cared a straw !

FORTUNE.

[Air: THE KEEL ROW.]

I.

FORTUNE came to my door
 My door—my door!
 Fortune came to my door,
 And bade me let her in.
 “But say,” quoth I, “who these may be,
 “Who follow in the wake with thee,
 “And turn their guilty eyes on me,
 “Before I let thee in.”

II.

“’Tis Cheating come to thy door,
 “Thy door—thy door!
 “’Tis Lying come to thy door,
 “So rise and let us in.”
 Quoth I: “My Conscience lives at ease,
 “And wants no comrades such as these;
 “So pass, dame Fortune, if you please,—
 “I cannot let you in.

III.

“But if you’ll come to my door,
 “My door—my door,
 “And knock alone at my door,
 “Perhaps I’ll let you in.
 “Or, if you’ll come with honest hand,
 “With Truth that all men understand,
 “And Virtue spotless in the land;—
 “Oh, then, I’ll let you in!”

THE SWEETHEART.

I.

AND so they smiled a scornful smile,
 Because, in naming thee,
 I used the people's simple word,
 That speaks affection free.
 Well! let them smile—devoid of heart—
 And to the sweet unknown;
 And I will call thee, as before,
 My sweetheart, and mine own.

II.

My heart of hearts—my sweet of sweets—
 I love the words to twine,
 That breathe such truths 'twixt thee and me,
 And sympathies divine!
 Wert thou a queen and I a king,—
 To raise thee to my throne,
 I'd woo thee with no other words—
 My sweetheart, and mine own.

HER WAYS.

I.

WHEN there is something to be said,
In pleasure or in pain,
To brighten joy, like sunlight shed,
Or dry affliction's rain ;
When she'd console, rebuke, control,
With yes, or no, as clear—
She's such a way of saying it,
'Tis pleasantness to hear.

II.

And when there's something to be done,
At need's or duty's call—
A courtesy, a charity,
A kindness, great or small,
A daily grief that needs relief—
Whate'er the action be,
She's such a way of doing it,
She wins all hearts to see.

III.

But saying, doing, night or day,
'Tis difficult to tell
The sweetest grace of mind or face
That marks her to excel !
She seldom breathes the love I crave,
But from her eyes divine
She's such a way of looking it,
I know that she is mine !

MY DOG.

I.

My dog looked wistful in my face,
 Said I : " My friends are gone ;
 " They left me when my money went—
 " They left me every one.
 " But nought care I ; I've health and strength,
 " And hope that shall not fail ;
 And thou, true friend, that ne'er deceived."—
And Towler wagg'd his tail.

II.

My dog was glad when I came home,
 Said I : " There's pleasure here,
 " My flute to play, my book to read,
 " My wife and children dear ;
 " What need I care how kingdoms fare,
 " Who's hammer, or who's nail ;
 " Who's out or in—who lose or win ?"—
And Towler wagg'd his tail.

III.

My dog ran frisking at my side ;
 Said I : " Let bigots fight,
 " And lose themselves in mazes dim
 " Of wrong confused with right ;
 " What call have I to prove my faith,
 " Or other men's assail ?—
 " Or hunt a ray that leads astray ?"
And Towler wagg'd his tail.

IV.

My dog lay snoozing by the fire ;
 Said I : " My realm is fed,
 " And this right hand, that oweth none,
 " Hath earn'd my children's bread ;
 " What need have I to weep or sigh
 " For Luxury and its trail ?—
 " For Pomp that palls—for Power that falls ?"
And Towler wagg'd his tail.

V.

My dog came coaxing to my knees,
 Quoth he to me : " Bow-wow !"
 Quoth I : " My thoughts are always thine,
 " There's wisdom on thy brow ;
 " Thou tak'st advice, but givest none !
 " True friend ! thy worth I hail !"—
 And Towler jump'd into my lap,
And wagg'd his honest tail.



THE OLD MAN TO THE SWALLOW.

I.

WHY dost thou linger, Swallow ?
 Why dost thou linger here ?
 For the summer, it is gone,
 And the frosts are coming on,
 And the gray and hoary locks of the year.

II.

Thou art wrong to flit about me ;
All the butterflies are dead,
And the blue and yellow flowers
Bloom no longer in the bowers,
And the leaves fall brown and sere where I tread.

III.

Get thee gone to warmer regions !
Here, no more, hath music birth ;
Not a cheep in all the sky—
Not an echo floating by
Of the melody and harmony of earth.

IV.

Get thee gone, thou foolish Swallow !
Get thee gone ! the days are cold,
And the nights are dark and long,
And the wind is bitter strong,
And my heart, like the year, is growing old.



MISERRIMUS.

I.

THERE'S nothing I prize beneath the sky,
Or great, or small.
And were I happy, I could die,
And go to the bourne where goeth all.

II.

I once prized wealth, but it brought me grief—
Ah me, forlorn !
And I fancied every man a thief,
And cursed the hour that I was born.

III.

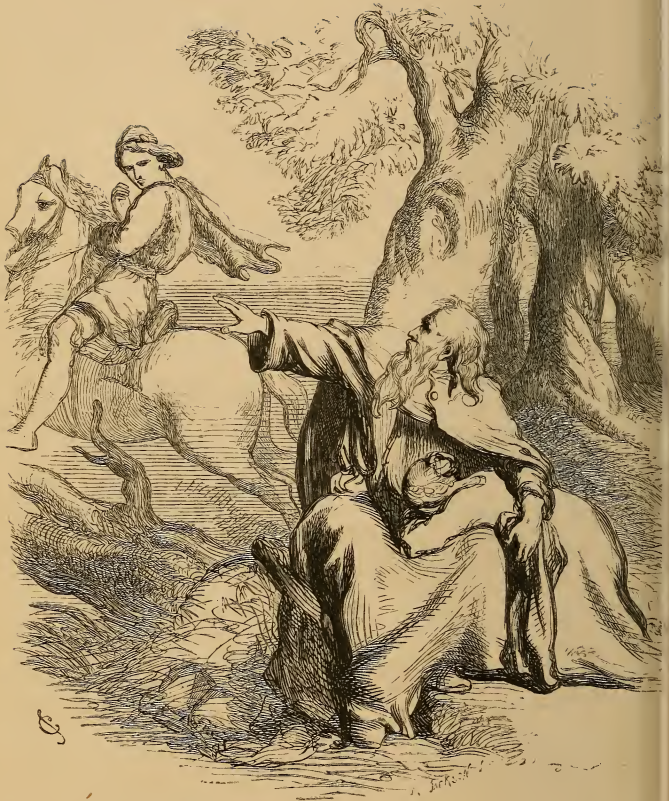
I once prized a woman, and loved her well—
Ah, weary day !
But great was the misery that befell,
And crown'd my hair with silvery gray.

IV.

I once prized the love of a little child—
Unhappy me !
It grew to a man, and drove me wild
With ingratitude and treachery.

V.

I once prized a friend, and thought him true ;
But hard my fate !
There was no wrong he would not do,
And he made my fireside desolate.



VI.

I once prized Fame, and follow'd its light—
O dupe! to care
For such a false and wayward sprite,
Born of the foulness of the air!

VII.

There's nothing I prize or value more ;
Nothing at all !
Nothing behind me, nothing before !
Nothing at all ! Oh, nothing at all !



A LOVE-CURSE.

I.

FARE thee ill—and not well ! And whenever, hereafter,
The world in my presence shall speak of a knave,
And utter his name, amid curses or laughter,
As greatest or meanest—half tyrant, half slave ;
I will tell them of thee, till they're forced to confess
That none can be greater, as none can be less.

II.

With the tale of thy deeds shall the pure air be tainted ;
And lips that have named thee, need balsams to free ;
And villains more monstrous than thought ever painted
Shall seem but as pigmies when measured with thee.
Fare thee ill—and not well ! And till life shall depart,
May Misery track thee wherever thou art !

THE SHIP.

I.

A KING, a Pope, and a Kaiser,
And a Queen—most fair was she—
Went sailing, sailing, sailing,
Over a sunny sea.
And amid them sat a beggar,—
A churl of low degree ;
And they all went sailing, sailing,
Over the sunny sea.

II.

And the King said to the Kaiser,
And his comrades fair and free,
“ Let us turn adrift this beggar,
“ This churl of low degree ;
“ For he taints the balmy odours
“ That blow to you and me,
“ As we travel,—sailing, sailing,
“ Over the sunny sea.”

III.

“ The ship is mine,” said the beggar,—
That churl of low degree ;—
“ And we’re all of us sailing, sailing,
“ To the grave, o’er the sunny sea.
“ And you may not, and you cannot,
“ Get rid of mine, or me ;
“ No ! not for your crowns and sceptres—
“ And my name is DEATH !” quoth he.

HIGHLAND MAIDENS.

I.

OH, bonnie are the heather-bells
Upon the mountains growing ;
Oh, bonnie are the bluebells bright
That peep where streams are flowing ;
And bonnie are the harebell cups
That wave on moorlands fenny,
But the human blossoms of the North
Are bonnier than any.

II.

Ye prosperous Fates look kindly down
Upon each Highland maiden ;
Still may their hearts with virtue glow,
Their lips with smiles be laden.
May innocence and peace of mind
Forsake their pathway never,
And all the joys of happy love
Encircle them for ever.

III.

So let them grow, the Highland flowers,
As lovely as the morning ;
Fair as the heather on the hills,
A rugged soil adorning ;
So, like the bluebell of the wood,
And harebell of the meadow,
Gleam on the country of their birth
In sunshine or in shadow !

IV.

In sunshine or in shadow still,
 By northern loch or mountain,
 As fair as prouder flowers that grow
 By southern grove or fountain.
 Fair and not proud, with virtue crown'd,
 Sweet-scented in the by-lands,
 Still may they bloom, the bonnie flowers,
 The maidens of the Highlands!



THE TWO BOOKS.

I.

A LOVER and his lass
 Lay reading on the grass
 A book of olden story,
 Of love, and grief, and glory.
 The maiden's eyes were bright
 With pity and delight,
 And stray'd not from the book,
 E'en for a casual look
 At him her life's dear lord—
 Beside her on the sward ;
 But read, with lips apart,
 The too entrancing tale that thrill'd through all her
 heart.

II.

The lover's eyes, twin thieves,
 Stole glances from the leaves—
 Now to those milk-white shoulders,
 The charm of all beholders ;
 Now to those sunny eyes,
 Blue-bright as Paradise ;
 Now to her streaming curls,
 Or ruby-cover'd pearls,
 Whence issued sweeter breath
 Than south wind scattereth ,
 Then to her dainty hand,

Or little fairy feet, star-twinklers in the land.

III.

“ Ah well-a-day !” quoth he,
 “ Thy book's no book for me.
 “ The page I read is rarer,
 “ And tenderer, and fairer ;
 “ For thine contains, at best,
 “ Life-shadows—love's unrest ;
 “ But mine contains all truth,
 “ All beauty and all youth,
 “ All feelings fond and coy,
 “ And deep and passionate joy.
 “ Be books upon the shelf !

“ My stories are thine eyes ; my poem is **THYSELF !**”

THE DAISIES.

I.

My heart is full of joy to-day,
The air hath music in it ;
Once more I roam the wild-wood way,
And prize the passing minute ;
The balms of heaven are on my cheek,
My feet in meadow mazes.
Let me alone, and I will speak
My blessings on the daisies.

II.

I have not seen for half a year,
Sore pent in cares and labours,
These gems of earth, these blossoms dear,
These free and gladsome neighbours ;
They smile upon me as of old,
Through Memory's shifting phases.
My blessings on your white and gold,
Ye well-belovèd daisies !

III.

I love ye for yourselves alone,
Ye bright perennial comers ;
Ye ease my brow of winters known,
And crown my locks with summers.
Ye give me back the thoughts of youth,
Its feelings and its phrases,
Its careless joys, its simple truth.
My blessings on the daisies !

IV.

If only once each hundred springs
 Ye bloom'd the long grass under,
 The crowd, with all its priests and kings,
 Would throng to see and wonder :
 Religion's self would kneel and pray,
 And hymn your Maker's praises ;
 But you, ye blossom every day !
 My blessings on the daisies !



BACK AGAIN.

[In the United States and Canada there are neither primroses nor daisies ; larks nor nightingales.]

I.

BACK again to the land where the primroses blow,
 And the thrush and the nightingale build in the
 thorn ;
 Where the hedges are white with the blossoming
 sloe,
 And the lark in mid air sings his hymn to the
 morn !
 Back again to the land where the daisies of Earth
 In beauty compete with the stars of the Sky ;
 Back again ! Back again to the land of our birth,
 For whose glory we'd live ! for whose safety
 we'd die !

II.

Back again to the land where the women are kind,
And glitter in beauty like roses in dew ;
Where the men have stout arms, as their enemies
find,
And hearts that are soft as their actions are
true.
Back again to the cliffs that no foeman shall climb,
To the land of the honest, the brave, and the
free ;
Whose story's a light in the darkness of Time—
Back again ! Back again ! dearest England, to
thee !

Boston, Massachusetts, May 18th, 1858.



THE ENGLISHMAN.

I.

I'VE sail'd the seas from East to West,
From North to South, the wide world through ;
I've seen mankind both worst and best,
And loved them, whatsoe'er their hue.
But never found, on any ground,
Where sunlight fell or rivers ran,
Where blossoms grew or wild winds blew,
The equal of the Englishman.

The Englishman, the Englishman !
The upright, downright Englishman !
His word is sure, his heart is pure—
The ready, steady Englishman !

II.

In work he labours with a will ;
In play he's playful as a child ;
And when its wild wind whistles shrill,
He braves Misfortune undefiled.
On all that's just he builds his trust :
On all that's base he hurls his ban.
And, ladies bright, his heart is right ;
He loves you well, the Englishman.
The Englishman, the Englishman !
The upright, downright Englishman !
In friendship clear, in love sincere—
The ready, steady Englishman !

III.

He bears himself like heart of oak—
Of courage high, of purpose strong ;
And when he fights, beware his stroke,
Ye props and agents of the wrong.
On fallen foes he aims no blows,
But strives to lift them if he can ;
And scorns to wreak upon the weak
The vengeance of the Englishman.
The Englishman, the Englishman !
The upright, downright Englishman !
In love or hate he's always great—
The ready, steady Englishman !

IV.

Oppression dreads his lifted hand ;
 The slave draws courage from his eye ;
 And Freedom, timorous in the land,
 Shouts at his voice her rallying cry.
 O'er all the girth of mother earth
 You find his mark, you trace his plan ;
 And some may fear, and some revere,
 But none despise the Englishman !
 The Englishman, the Englishman,
 The upright, downright Englishman !
 He scorns a lie, for truth he'd die—
 The ready, steady Englishman !



ROLLING HOME.

On board the *Europa*, homeward bound, May 26th, 1858.

I.

UP aloft amid the rigging sings the fresh exulting gale,
 Strong as spring-time in the blossoms filling out each
 blooming sail ;
 And the wild waves, cleft behind us, seem to murmur
 as they flow :
 “ There are kindly hearts that wait you in the land to
 which ye go.”
 Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land,
 to thee !
 Rolling home to merry England, rolling home across
 the sea !

II.

Twice a thousand miles behind us, and a thousand miles
 before,
 Ancient Ocean heaves to bear us to the well-remember'd shore ;
 New-born breezes swell to waft us to our childhood's
 balmy skies,
 To the glow of friendly faces, to the light of loving
 eyes.
 Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land, to
 thee !
 Rolling home to merry England, rolling home across
 the sea !

III.

Every motion of the vessel, every dip of mast or spar,
 Is a dance and a rejoicing, and a promise from afar ;
 And we love the light above us, as it tips the waves
 around,
 All the more because, ere coming, it has beam'd on
 English ground.
 Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land,
 to thee !
 Rolling home to merry England, rolling home across
 the sea !

IV.

And 'tis nearer, ever nearer, to the rising of the morn,
 And 'tis eastward, ever eastward, to the land where
 we were born.

And we'll sing in joyous chorus through the watches
of the night :

We shall see the shores of England at the dawning of
the light.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land,
to thee !

Rolling home to merry England,—rolling home across
the sea !

v.

Rolling home to little England—though so little, yet
so great—

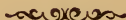
With her face of sunny beauty, and her heart as strong
as fate,

With her men of honest nature, with her women good
and fair,

With her courage and her virtue that can do as well
as bear.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land, to
thee !

Rolling home to merry England,—rolling home across
the sea !



THE CUP OF OBLIVION.

I.

HIGH to my lips I held Oblivion's cup :
 " Drink," said Despair, " this liquor, creaming up,
 " And so forget all pain that Fate has cast—
 " All grief, all pleasure of the dreadful past."
 I raised the cup ; I peer'd into its deeps,
 And whisper'd to myself : " Here Sorrow sleeps,
 " Never to waken ; never, never more
 " To plague me with the memories of yore."

II.

" What ?" said a little voice, remember'd well,
 That on my spirit, rich as sunlight, fell ;
 " Wouldst thou forget *me*, father ? Ah, not so !"
 I look'd into the cup, and, far below,
 Saw that angelic face and golden hair.
 " Never, oh never, even in despair—
 " However frantic, reasonless, and wild,
 " Will I forget thee, O thou heavenly child !"

III.

And then another and most winning voice,
 That oft before had bid my heart rejoice,
 Came sparkling from the bottom of the bowl,
 And shot electric throbbings through my soul ;
 And the dark eyes—God's windows from God's heaven—
 Blazed love upon me : " Be thy thought forgiven ;
 " But wilt thou, canst thou do thy heart such wrong,
 " As to forget me and my love, death-strong ?"

IV.

I turn'd away my lips, threw down the cup,
 With its dark liquor, creaming ever up :
 " I will *not* taste it ! Let my sorrow live,
 " Link'd with the joy that Heaven vouchsafes to give !
 " I will not lose the mem'ry of these twain,
 " For all Oblivion's wealth ! Let Grief remain !
 " And I will hallow all the forms it takes,
 " And love dear Memory for their dearer sakes."



IF I DIE FIRST.

I.

IF I die first, dear love,
 My mournful soul, made free,
 Shall sit at heaven's high portal,
 To wait and watch for thee—
 To wait and watch for thee, love,
 And through the deep, dark space
 To peer, with human longings,
 For thy radiant face.

II.

'Mid all the stars of heaven,
 One only shall I see,
 The Earth, star of my passion,
 Half Heaven for holding thee—

All Heaven for holding thee, love,
And brightest of the spheres,
By thy smile illumined,
Or hallow'd by thy tears.

III.

If I die first, dear love,—
I feel that this shall be,
For Heaven will not be Heaven
Until it's shared with thee,—
Until it's shared with thee, love
I'll linger at the gate,
Or be thy guardian angel,
To teach thee how to wait.

IV.

And when thine hour shall come,
And through the yielding night
I see thy happy spirit
Upsoaring, robed in light,
Mine shall go forth to meet thee,
And, through th' eternal door,
Pass in with thee, rejoicing,
Made one for evermore.



PITY!

I.

How lovely, both in form and mind,
Three years ago I thought thee,
When grace, with purity combined,
To mould angelic wrought thee,—
A rose in June ; a perfect tune ;
A morning sky, unclouded.
But now, alas ! the charm is lost,
And all the light enshrouded.

II.

The smiling sea hath wreck'd a heart
That sail'd its bright skies under ;
The sky itself had lightning's dart,
Without its warning thunder.
The beauty's gone, the glory's flown,—
They live with falsehood never.
Deceiver, though I cannot hate,
I pity thee for ever !

THAT IS THE WAY.

I.

To leave your business all day long,
 To pass your time in jest and song,
 To haunt casinos, taverns, plays,
 Or in your bed to spend your days ;
 To look for bread to dead men's wills,
 To ask a Jew to cash your bills,
 Or trust the word of all you meet,—
 That is the way to Portugal Street.

II.

To overtax your weary brain ;
 To drink deep draughts and fill again ;
 To go to law and think it sport
 To hunt your cause from court to court ;
 To muse too fiercely on a wrong,
 To look at darkness all day long ;
 To grieve and pine, to scorn and hate,—
 That is the way to Bedlam-gate.

III.

To give a woman all her will,
 Rebellious but submissive still ;
 To love your quiet more than right,
 And rather be oppress'd than fight ;
 To fear short-commons, not the Bench ;
 To borrow when you should retrench ;
 From duns to hide, from writs to flee,—
 That is the way to slavery.

IV.

To yield to pleasures like a rage,
And spend in youth the strength of age ;
To think, with silver on your hair,
That you are young, as once you were ;
To feed your fever, scorn your cold ;
To marry when you're crazy old,
Or trust to quacks your health to save,—
That is the way, the way to the grave.

V.

To love your art, and at its call
To yield your health, your wealth, your all,
And live on humble bread and cheese ;
To love it more than fame or ease ;
To heed no scorn of rival schools,
And laugh at critics when they're fools ;
To please the wise, and not the town,—
That is the way to high renown.

VI.

To keep life's balance true and fair,
To breathe contentment like the air ;
To live but as your purse allows,
To love your children and your spouse ;
To take delight in Nature's plan,
Adoring God, nor fearing man,
Avoiding anger, pride, excess,—
That is the way to happiness.

A CORONACH.

I.

WAIL ! Wail !
 For a sun hath set,
 Which no returning morrow
 Shall ever call
 From the darksome pall,
 To beam upon our sorrow !
 Moan ! Moan !
 O'er his dwelling lone,
 As ye heap the clod above him :
 Dead ! Dead !
 His soul hath fled
 From the hearts that lived to love him !

II.

Wail ! Wail !
 Though our tears be vain,
 For the soul in glory shining !
 Yet how can those
 Who have seen his close
 Forbear for awhile repining ?
 Moan ! Moan !
 O'er the narrow stone ;
 Body and soul must sever !
 Dead ! Dead !
 His spirit hath fled,
 And a star hath set for ever !

BLACKBERRIES.

I.

BLACK as Beauty's tresses,
Sweet as Love's caresses,
Darlings of the people, beloved of high and low,
Dear to age and childhood,
Gleaming in the wild wood,
Peeping to the sunshine in every green hedgerow,
Berries of the bramble,
How I love to ramble
Through the shady valleys, and pluck you as I go!

II.

Your luxuriant treasure,
Stintless, out of measure,
Fills me with such feeling of recklessness and joy;
With such sense of rapture,
At the wealth of capture,
Prodigal as sunbeams where the wavelets toy,
I laugh at Time and trial,
And on his sunny dial
Turn back the creeping shadows, and feel I'm yet
a boy.

III.

Come hither, little maiden,
With wicker basket laden;
And thou, O peasant urchin, with cheeks like
dawning day;

We'll all go forth together,
 Free as the wind and weather,
 And pluck the luscious blackberries that ripen by
 the way;
 You of the world unweeting,
 I from the world retreating,
 To taste a simple pleasure, and prize it while I may!



FORLORN.

" Gelebt und Geliebt."

I HAVE lived and I have loved ;
 I have waked and I have slept ;
 I have sung and I have danced ;
 I have smiled and I have wept ;
 I have won and wasted treasure ;
 I have had my fill of pleasure ;
 And all these things were weariness,
 And some of them were dreariness ;—
 All these things, but two things,
 Were emptiness and pain :
 And Love—it was the best of them,—
 And Sleep—worth all the rest of them,
 Worth everything but Love to my spirit and
 my brain.
 Be still, my friend, O Slumber !
 Till my days complete their number,
 For Love shall never, never return to me
 again !

AN INDIAN WAR-SONG.

I.

I SAW a stain on the last year's snow,
Brothers! a stain of blood!
But the cold hath past, and the warm winds blow,
And the trees are in the bud.
The snow hath melted from dale and hill—
But the blood—the blood remaineth still!

II.

I heard a voice on the winter blast,
Brothers! a voice of woe!
And it cried for vengeance as it pass'd
O'er the cold, blood-crimson snow.
That wind hath sunk over wood and hill,
But the voice—the voice—I hear it still!

III.

I saw a spirit in my sleep,
Brothers! its hand was red!
Its eye was fierce, and its scowl was deep,
And it cried, "Revenge the dead!"
Shall we not hear what the spirit saith?
Onwards, my brothers!—Revenge or Death!

BY THE MEADOW STILE.

THE LAD.

A HUNDRED years ago
 The birds made music merry,
 The warm wind thaw'd the snow,
 And ripen'd peach and cherry ;
 Green grew the vernal grass,
 Sweet hope consoled the sad,
 And a lad would love a lass,
 And a lass accept a lad.
 Heigho ! heigho !
 This chanced, I know,
 A hundred happy years ago !

THE LASS.

A hundred years ago
 The ship would choose its haven,
 And doves as white as snow
 Object to kiss the raven ;
 And scythes would mow the grass,
 And hope forsake the sad ;
 And a lad mistake a lass,
 And a lass refuse the lad.
 Heigho ! heigho !
 This chanced, I know,
 A minute and a half ago.

IN THE PINE-WOOD.

I.

IN the pine-wood near the city,
 Half in sunshine, half in shade,
 Singing to herself her ditty,
 Sat the melancholy maid.
 And her song was : " Ever—ever—
 " Falls the blossom from the tree,
 " Runs the bright rejoicing river
 " To the broad and thankless sea ;
 " And true love runs down to sorrow !
 " Woe for ever ! woe is me ! "

II.

In the pine-wood near the city,
 In the spring-time thus she sang ;
 But she died, alas, the pity !
 Long ere winter's tempests rang,—
 Pined and died for secret sadness ;
 Nipp'd like blossom on the tree ;
 Blighted in her youthful gladness ;
 Deathward borne like stream to sea !
 And his heart for whom she suffer'd
 Never knew it. Woe is me !

THE BARD'S RECOMPENSE :—LIVING.

I.

WHAT shall we give him who teaches the nations,
 And cheers the sad heart with the magic of song,
 Now melting to sorrow—subsiding to patience,
 Or pealing like thunder in hatred of wrong?
 What shall we give him for spreading, like Homer,
 A halo of light o'er the land of his birth—
 Augmenting its glory, embalming its story,
 And sowing its language like seed o'er the earth?

II.

Give him?—The scorn of the rich and exalted!
 If virtuous, ignore him; if erring, assail!
 Proclaim when he stumbled! make known how he
 halted,
 And point with his follies your venomous tale.
 Give him?—Neglect, and a crust for his pittance;
 And when he is dead, and his glory lives on,
 A stone o'er his grave shall be all the acquittance
 The nation shall pay to the greatness that's gone!

III.

But living? Grown old? with his splendours around
 him?
 Unable to toil? shall he starve as you bade?
 Or handle some besom that pity has found him,
 To ply at a crossing the mendicant's trade?

Ah, no ! 'twere too bad ! What's the fee of a butler ?
 Half that—if not all—shall the nation award ;
 And say it was granted exactly when wanted—
 To cheer the last hours of the perishing Bard.



THE BARD'S RECOMPENSE :—DEAD.

I.

THE Great King scorn'd the poet
 A hundred years ago,
 And the man of might despised him,
 And the Sage refused to know ;
 And Beauty, clad in purple,
 Had not a smile to throw
 On one so poor and humble,
 Singing his joy and woe.

II.

But the Great King's crown is shatter'd,
 The Captain's sword is rust,
 The worm is in Beauty's roses,
 And the Sage lies low in dust ;
 And they're all of them forgotten,
 Save by their God ;—we trust !
 But the Song and the Singer flourish
 In the memory of the just.

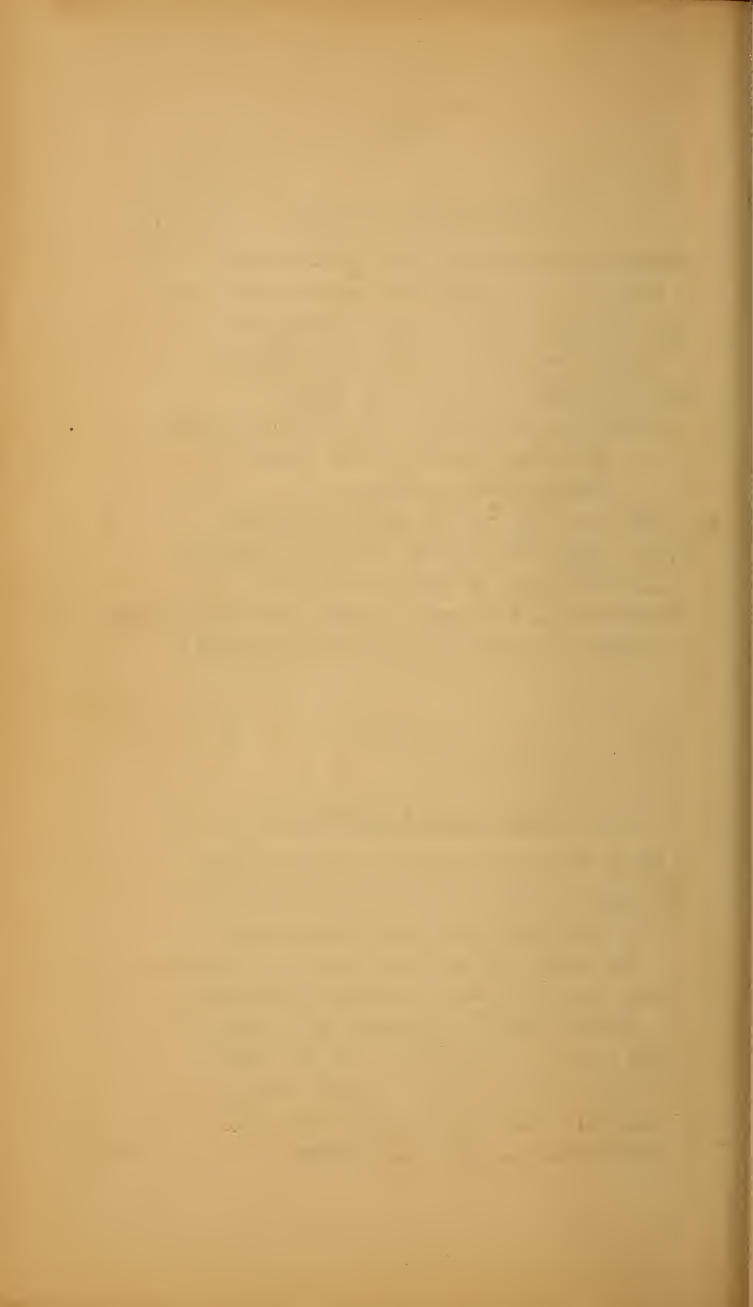
THE BARD'S GRAVE.

WHEN my soul flies to the great Giver,
 Friends of the bard ! let my dwelling be
 By the green bank of that rippling river,
 Under the shade of yon tall beech-tree.
 Bury me there, ye lovers of song,
 When the prayers for the dead are spoken,
 With my hands on my breast,
 Like a child at rest,
 And my lyre in the grave unbroken !
 There, untouch'd by the plough or harrow,
 Let the grave of the minstrel be,
 Where the bank is green and the stream is narrow,
 Under the shade of yon tall beech-tree !



THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

IF to this grave should pilgrims stray,
 And wonder why no pompous stone
 Is raised above the mouldering clay,
 To make the minstrel's merits known ;—
 Let them but say,—his heart's delight
 Found noblest utterance in a song ;—
 He loved, and strove to aid the right ;
 And hated—if he did—the wrong ;—
 And his poor clay in darkness pent,
 Shall need no other monument.



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